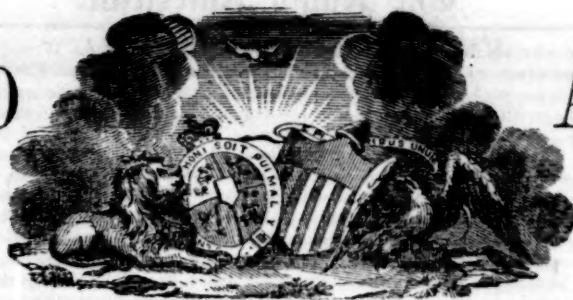


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THE DYING INFANT.

TO SARAH MARY FRANCES K——.

Pale, motionless, and silent, lay
An infant on its bed,
While on its face the smile of peace
A beauteous halo shed:
And on that face a mother gazed,
With looks of wild despair,
Conscious that death's ruthless hand
Had fixed his signet there.

She saw alone the hastening hour,
When to her fond caress,
No more she might those ruby lips,
With tenderest rapture press:
But saw not in that placid smile,
The brighter vision sealed,
Which on her darling's spirit broke,
To her yet unrevealed.

For near her couch an Angel spread
His pure ethereal wings,
Imparting to that spotless soul
Unutterable things;
And whispers soft of anguish spared,
Of bliss immortal given,
And all its newborn senses filled
With dreams of opening heaven.

April, 1845

JAMES FITZGERALD.

THINK OF ME.—TO L.

When brightly comes the blushing dawn,
And golden clouds proclaim the morn;
When, waking from thy peaceful slumber,
Thy charms the rosy tints outnumber;
Oh dearest, then let mem'ry rest
On one who loves, and loves thee well;
For thoughts of thee within his breast,
At morning, ever love to dwell.

When sultry noon's oppressing hour
Bids droop the herb and thirst the flower;
When nature wearily reposes,
Nor stirs a breath to fan the roses;
Then, like the flower, I droop for thee,
And look for thy reviving smile:
Then, dearest, then oh! think of me,
And I will think of thee the while.

Still evening comes—and now the night
Has veiled the twilight clondlets bright;
The garish sun has ceased his beaming,
And star-light soft alone is gleaming;
Then let the love-glance of thine eye
Beam forth with sweetly-soothing ray,
And, guided by its light, I'll fly
To thee on Passion's wings away.

Oh! sweet with thee to trim the sail,
To steer the bark and bide the gale,
To float on Time's swift-flowing river,
Live in thy love-born smile forever.
With thee in vain the rayless night—
Thy smile the darkest gloom would cheer,
And day itself would seem more bright,
More beautiful, that thou wert near.

Then, dearest, in thy trustful breast,
Let thoughts of me still sweetly rest,
And faithless to its fondness never,
I'll love thee still, and love forever.
Then oh! at morn and evening let
My spirit still commune with thee;
And, dearest, do not thou forget
To think of me—to think of me.

New York, March 17th, 1845.

EUGENIO

HILDEBRAND.

From the last Edinburgh Review.—(Continued.)

When Hildebrand ascended the chair first occupied by a married Apostle, his spirit burned within him to see that marriage held in her impure and unlawful bonds a large proportion of those who ministered at the altar, and who handled there the very substance of the incarnate Deity. It was a profanation well adapted to arouse the jealousy, not less than to wound the conscience, of the Pontiff. Secular cares suited ill with the stern duties of a theocratic ministry. Domestic affections would choke or enervate in them that corporate passion which might otherwise be directed with unmitigated ardour towards their chief and centre. Clerical celibacy would exhibit to those who trod the outer courts of the great Christian temple, the impressive and subjugating image of a transcendental perfection, too pure not only for the coarser delights

of sense, but even for the alloy of conjugal or parental love. It would fill the world with adherents of Rome, in whom every feeling would be quenched which could rival that sacred allegiance. From every monastery might be summoned a phalanx of allies to overpower the more numerous, but dispersed and feeble antagonists of such an innovation. In every mitred churchman it would find an active partisan. The people, ever rigid in exacting eminent virtue from their teachers, would be rude but effective zealots of a ghostly discipline from which they were themselves to be exempt.

With such anticipations, Gregory, within a few weeks from his accession convened a council at the Lateran, and proposed a law, not, as formerly, forbidding merely the marriage of priests, but commanding every priest to put away his wife, and requiring all laymen to abstain from any sacred office which any wedded priest might presume to celebrate. Never was legislative foresight so verified by the result. What the great Council of Nicaea had attempted in vain, the Bishops assembled in the presence of Hildebrand accomplished, at his instance, at once, effectually, and for ever. Lamentable indeed were the complaints, bitter the reproaches, of the sufferers. Were the most sacred ties thus to be torn asunder at the ruthless bidding of an Italian priest? Were men to become angels, or were angels to be brought down from heaven to minister among men? Eloquence was never more pathetic, more just, or more unavailing. Prelate after prelate silenced these complaints by austere rebukes. Legate after legate arrived with papal menaces to the remonstrants. Monks and abbots preached the continency they at least professed. Kings and barons laughed over their cups at many a merry tale of compulsory divorce. Mobs pelted, hooted, and besmeared with profane and filthy baptisms the unhappy victims of pontifical rigour. It was a struggle not to be prolonged—broken hearts pined and died away in silence. Expostulations subsided into murmurs, and murmurs were drowned in the general shout of victory. Eight hundred years have since passed away. Amidst the wreck of laws, opinions, and institutions, this decree of Hildebrand's still rules the Latin Church, in every land where sacrifices are offered on her altars. Among us, but not of us,—valuing their rights as citizens, chiefly as instrumental to their powers as churchmen—ministers of love, to whom the heart of a husband and a father is an inscrutable mystery—teachers of duties, the most sacred of which they may not practise—compelled daily to gaze on the most polluted imagery of man's fallen heart, but denied the refuge of nature from a polluted imagination—professors of virtue, of which, from the death of the righteous Abel down to the birth of the fervent Peter, no solitary example is recorded in Holy Writ—excluded from that posthumous life in remote descendants, the devout anticipation of which enabled the patriarchs to walk meekly, but exultingly with their God—the sacerdotal caste still flourishes in every Christian land, the imperishable and gloomy monument of that far-sighted genius which thus devised the means of papal despotism, and of that short-sighted wisdom which proposed to itself that despotism as a legitimate and laudable end.

With this Spartan rigour towards his adherents, Gregory combined a more than Athenian address and audacity towards his rivals and antagonists. So long as the monarchs of the West might freely bestow on the objects of their choice the sees and abbeys of their states, papal dominion could be but a passing dream, and papal independency an empty boast. Corrupt motives usually determined that choice; and the objects of it were but seldom worthy. Ecclesiastical dignities were often sold to the highest bidder, and then the purchaser indemnified himself by a use no less mercenary of his own patronage; or they were given as a reward to some martial retainer, and the new churchman could not forget that he had once been a soldier. The cope and the coat-of-mail were worn alternately. The same hand bore the crucifix in the holy festival, and the sword in the day of battle. Episcopal warriors and abbatial courtiers thus learned to regard themselves rather as feudatories holding of their temporal lord, than as liegemen owing obedience to their spiritual chief. In the hands of the newly consecrated Bishop was placed a staff, and on his finger a ring, which, received as they were from his temporal sovereign, proclaimed that homage and fealty were due to him alone. And thus the sacerdotal Proconsuls of Rome became, in sentiment at least, and by the powerful obligation of honour, the viceroyants, not of the Pontifex Maximus, but of the Emperor.

To dissolve this *trinoda necessitas* of simoniacal preferments, military service, and feudal vassalage, a feeblér spirit would have exhorted, negotiated, and compromised. To Gregory it belonged to subdue men by courage, and to rule them by reverence. Addressing the world in the language of his generation, he proclaimed to every potentate, from the Baltic to the Straits of Calpe, that all human authority being holden of the divine, and God himself having delegated his own sovereignty over men to the Prince of the Sacred College, a divine right to universal obedience was the inalienable attribute of the Roman Pontiffs, of whom, as the supreme earthly suzerain, emperors and kings held their crowns, patriarchs and bishops their mitres, and held them not mediately through each other, but immediately as tenants *in capite* from the one legitimate representative of the great Apostle.

In turning over the collection of the epistles of Hildebrand, we are every where met by this doctrine asserted in a tone of the calmest dignity and the most serene conviction. Thus he informs the French monarch that every house in his kingdom owed to Peter, as their father and pastor, an annual tribute of a penny, and he commands his legates to collect it in token of the subjection of France to the Holy See. He assures Solomon the King of Hungary, that his territories are the property of the Holy Roman Church. Solomon being incredulous and refractory, was dethroned by his competitor for the Hungarian crown. His more prudent successor, Ladislaus, acknowledged himself the vassal of the Pope, and paid him tribute. To Corsica a legate is sent to govern the demesnes of the Papacy in the island, and to recover the rest of it from the Saracens. To the Sardinians an account is dispatched of her title to their obedience, with menaces of a Norman invasion if it should be withheld. On

Demetrius, Duke of Dalmatia, we find him conferring the kingly title, reserving a yearly payment of two hundred pieces of silver "to the holy Pope Gregory, and his successors lawfully elected, as supreme lords of the Dalmatian kingdom." Among the visitors of Rome was a youth described in one of these epistles as son of the King of Russia. The letter informs the sovereign so designated, that, at the request of the young Prince, the Pontiff had administered to him the oath of fealty to St. Peter and his successors, not doubting that "it would be approved by the king and all the lords of his kingdom, since the Apostle would henceforth regard their country as his own, and defend it accordingly." From Sweno the Dane he exacted a promise of subjection. From the recently converted Poles he demanded, and received, as sovereign lord of the country, an annual tribute of an hundred marks in silver. From every part of the European continent, Bishops are summoned by these imperial messengers to Rome, and there are either condemned and deposed, or absolved and confirmed in their sees. In France, in Spain, and in Germany, we find his legates exercising the same power; and the correspondence records many a stern rebuke, sometimes for their undue remissness, sometimes for their misapplied severity. The rescripts of Trajan scarcely exhibit a firmer assurance both of the right and the power to control every other authority, whether secular or sacerdotal, throughout the civilized world.

There was, however, one memorable exception. Robert the Norman conqueror of Sicily, and William the Norman conqueror of England, steeped in blood and sacrilege, were the most shameless and cruel of usurpers. The groans and curses of the oppressed cried aloud for vengeance against them. But the apostolic indignation, though roused by the active vices of the Emperor, and the apathetic depravity of Philip of France, had for these tyrants no menaces of ghostly wrath, no exhortations to repentance. Robert was embraced and honoured as the faithful ally of Rome. William was addressed in the blandest accents of esteem and tenderness. "You exhibit towards us" (such is the style) "the attachment of a dutiful son, yea, of a son whose heart is moved by the love of his mother. Therefore, my beloved son, let your conduct be all that your language has been. Let what you have promised be effectually performed." The injunction was not disobeyed, for even of promises the grim conqueror of the north had been sufficiently parsimonious. As Duke of Normandy he remitted to the Pope the amount of certain dues. As King of England he indignantly refused the required oath of fealty. "I hold my kingdom of God and of my sword," was his stern and decisive answer. Something the papal legate dared to mutter of the worthlessness of gold without obedience; but the gold was accepted and the disobedience endured. These were not the days of John, surnamed Lackland; and for Innocent the Third was reserved by his great predecessor the glory of receiving, from an English sovereign on his bended knee, the crown which, on the head of William, challenged equal honours with the papal tiara. For concessions favourable to his hopes of unlimited dominion, the Pontiff turned to a sovereign whose crimes no triumphs had sanctified, and no heroism redeemed.

Alexander's citation had been despised by Henry, and was not revived by Hildebrand. Every post from Germany brought fresh proof that, without the use of weapons so hazardous, the Emperor must, ere long, be reduced to solicit the aid of Rome on such terms as Rome might see fit to dictate. Dark as were the middle ages, the German court had light enough (if we may credit the chroniclers) to anticipate our own enlightened Irish policy. The ancient chiefs of Saxony were imprisoned, their estates confiscated, and granted to absent lords and prelates. Tithe proctors hovered like birds of prey over the Saxon fields. A project was formed for driving the ancient inhabitants into a Saxon pale, and for converting the land into a great Swabian colony. Castles frowned on every height. Their garrisons pillaged and enslaved the helpless people. Alliances were formed with the Bavarian and the Dane to crush a race hated for their former pre-eminence, and despised for their recent sufferings. Nothing was wanting to complete the parallel but discord and dejection amongst the intended victims.

Groaning under the oppressions, and penetrating the designs of their sovereign, the Saxons solicited for their leaders an audience at Goslar. The appointed day arrived. The deputies presented themselves at the palace. Henry was engaged at a game of hazard, and bade them wait till he had played it out. A stern and indignant demand for justice repelled the insult. A second time, in all the insolence of youth, Henry returned a contemptuous answer. In a few hours he found himself blockaded at his castle of Hartzburg by a vast assemblage of armed men, under the command of Otho of Nordheim, the Tell or Hofer of his native land.

Escaping with difficulty, the Emperor traversed Western Germany to collect forces for crushing the Saxon insurgents. But the spell of his Imperial name and of his noble presence were broken. The crimes of a defeated fugitive were unparadiseable. His allies made common cause with the Saxons, who they had so lately leagued to destroy. Long repressed resentment burst out in the grossest indignities against the recreant sovereign. Unworthy to wear his spurs or his crown, (so ran the popular arraignment,) he descended at a step from the summit of human greatness almost to the condition of an outcast from human society. A Diet had been summoned for his deposition. His sceptre had been offered to Rudolf of Swabia. A few days more, and his crown, if not his life, had been forfeited, when an opportune illness and a rumour of his death awakened the dormant feelings of reverence and compassion. Haggard from disease, abject in appearance, destitute, deserted, and unhappy, he presented himself to the citizens of Worms. The ebbing tide of loyalty rushed violently back into its wonted channels. Shouts of welcome ran along the walls. Every house-top rang with acclamations. Women wept over his wrongs. Men-at-arms devoted their lives, rich burghers their purses, to his cause. The Diet was dissolved, Rudolf fled, and it remained for Henry to practise, on his recovered throne, the lessons he had learned in the school of adversity.

Those lessons had been unfolded and enforced by the parental admonitions of Gregory. The royal penitent answered by promises of amendment, "full" (as the Pope declared) "of sweetness and of duty." Nor was this a mere lip homage. To prove his sincerity, he abandoned to the Pope the government of the great see and city of Milan, the strongest hold of the Imperialists in Italy. A single desire engrossed the heart of Henry. No sacrifice seemed too costly which might enable him to inflict an overwhelming vengeance on the Saxon people; no price excessive by which he could purchase the aid, or at least the neutrality, of Hildebrand in the impending struggle. The concessions were accepted by the Pope, the motive understood, and the equivalent rendered. With gracious words to the Emperor and to Rudolf, with pacific councils and vague promises to the Saxons, the Pope retired from all further intervention in a strife of which it remained for him to watch the issue and to reap the advantage.

It was in the depth of a severe winter that Henry, hoping to surprise the in-

surgents, marched from Worms at the head of forces furnished by the wealth and zeal of that faithful city. Drifts of snow obstructed his advance. The frozen streams could no longer turn the mills on which he depended for subsistence. Meteors blazed in the skies, and the dispirited soldiers trembled at such accumulated omens of disaster. In that anxious host, one bosom only was heedless of danger, and unconscious of suffering. He, who had hitherto been known only as a profligate and luxurious youth, now urged on his followers through cold, disease, and famine, to the Saxon frontier. But there Otho awaited him at the head of a large and well-disciplined army. The Imperialists declined the unequal encounter. Again Henry was reduced to capitulate. Humbled a second time before his subjects, he bound himself to dismantle his fortresses, to withdraw his garrisons, to restore the confiscated fiefs, to confirm their ancient Saxon privileges, and to grant an amnesty unlimited and universal.

The treaty of Gerstungen (so it was called) was dictated by animosity and distrust, and was carried into execution by the conquerors in the spirit of vindictive triumph. They expelled from his residence at Goslar their dejected king and his household, and destroyed the town of Hartzburg with its royal sepulchre, where lay the bones of his infant son, and of others of his nearest kindred. The graves were broken open, and their ghastly contents exposed to shameful and inhuman contumelies—a wild revenge, and a too plausible pretext for a fearful and not distant retribution.

Henry returned to his Rhenish provinces to meditate vengeance. Reckless of any remoter danger in which the indulgence of that fierce passion might involve him, he invoked the arbitrament of Hildebrand, and called on him to excommunicate the sacrilegious race who had burned the church and desecrated the sepulchres of his forefathers. Gregory watched the gathering tempest of civil war, received the appeals of the contending parties, and answered both by renewed injunctions of obedience to himself. To the Saxons he sent homilies, to the Emperor an embassy, graced by the name and the presence of his mother, Agnes. She bore a papal mandate to her son to enforce the celibacy of the clergy, and to restore to its lawful channels the patronage of the Church. Henry promised obedience. The legates then convoked a national Synod, to be held in Germany under their own presidency. To this encroachment also, Henry submitted. A remonstrance against it from the Archbishop of Bremen was answered by a legantine sentence suspending him from his see. Still the Emperor was passive. Another sentence of the papal ambassadors exiled from the court and presence of Henry, five of his councillors whom Alexander had excommunicated. No signal of resistance was given by their insulted sovereign. Edicts for the government of the Teutonic Church were promulgated without the usual courtesy of asking his concurrence. They provoked from him no show of resentment. Their work accomplished, the legates then returned to Rome, the messengers of successes more important than any former Pope had ventured to contemplate over the authority of the Cæsar. Applause, honours, preferments rewarded her associates; while to Agnes herself were given assurances of celestial joy, and of a distinguished place among the choirs of heaven.

Her less aspiring son fed his mind with hopes of vengeance, rendered as he thought more sure by all his concessions to the Roman Pontiff. Twice, indeed, he had recoiled ignominiously from the Saxon frontier. But from defeat itself he might draw the means of victory. By the great feudatories of the Empire the spectacle of armed peasants and wealthy burghers imposing terms of peace on the successor of Charlemagne had been regarded with proud scorn and indignation. They resented the rising fame and influence of Otho. He and his followers might become strong enough to resume by arms the estates they had lost by confiscation. Rumours were already rife of such designs. To fan these flames, and deepen these alarms, to excite among restless chiefs and predatory bands the appetite for war and plunder, became the easy and successful labour of the impatient Emperor. At Henry's summons, the whole strength of Germany collected on the Elbe to crush in his quarrel the power they had so lately aided to depose him. There were to be seen the crucifix of the Abbot of Fulda, and there the sacred banner of the Archbishop of Mentz. There (Guelph, the Bavarian, raised his dual standard to reconquer the broad lands restored to their former owners by the treaty of Gerstungen. There, surrounded by the chivalry of Lorraine, and restored by the Emperor to that forfeited principality, Godfrey repaid the boon by the desertion of the alliance, conjugal as well as political, which bound him to the House of Tuscany. There appeared the King of Hungary, lured by the hope of new provinces to be assigned to him on the dismemberment of Saxony. And there, in the centre of countless pennons, came Rudolf, to prove his loyalty to the prince whose throne he had so recently endeavoured to usurp.

The tide of war rolled on towards the devoted land. It had been saved, if penitence, humility, and prayer were of the same power in the courts of earth as in those of heaven. It had been saved, if courage gathered from despair, and guided by patriotism, could have availed against such a confederacy of numbers and of discipline. But prayer was vain, and patriotism impotent. A long summer's day had reached its close, when, under the command of their great leader Otho, the Saxon lines approached the Unstrut. On the opposite banks of that stream the Imperialists had already encamped. Neither army was aware of the vicinity of the other, and Henry had retired to rest, when Rudolf roused him with the intelligence that the insurgent forces were at hand, unarmed, and heedless of their danger, the ready prey of a sudden and immediate attack. The Emperor threw himself in a transport of gratitude at the feet of his adviser, and leaping on his horse, led forward his forces to the promised victory.

In this strange world of ours, tragedies of which the dire plot and dark catastrophe might seem to be borrowed from hell, are not seldom depicted by historical dramatists, in colours clear and brilliant as those which may be imagined to repose over Paradise. One of the mitred combatants has sung, and Lambert, the chronicler of Aschaffenburg, has narrated the battle of the Unstrut. The Bishop's hexameters have all the charm which usually belongs to episcopal charges. But Lambert is among the most graphic and animated of historians. His picture of the field glows with his own military ardour, and is thronged with incidents and with figures which might well be transferred to the real canvass. Among them we distinguish the ill-arranged Saxon lines broken, flying, and again forming at the voice of Otho as it rises above the tumult, and then rushing after him with naked swords, and naked bosoms, on the main battle of the triumphant invaders. And still the eye follows Otho wherever there are fainting hearts to rally, or a fierce onslaught to repel;—and we seem almost to hear the shrill Swabian war cry from the van of the Imperial host, where by a proud hereditary right they had claimed to stand;—and Rudolf their leader, the very minister of death, is ever in the midst of the carnage, himself, as if in covenant with the grave, unharmed;—and in the agony and crisis of the strife, Henry the idol, to whom this bloody sacrifice is offered, is seen in Lambert's battle-piece, leaping at the head of his reserve on his ex-

haunted enemies, sweeping whole ranks into confused masses, and amidst shrieks, and groans, and fruitless prayers, and fruitless curses, immolating them to his insatiable revenge.

The sun went down on that Aceldama amidst the exultations of the victorious allies. It rose on them the following morning agitated by grief, by discord, and by disaffection. Many nobles who had fought the day before under the Imperial banner, were stretched on the field of battle. The enthusiasm of the Saxons had proved at how fearful a price, if at all, the selfish ends of the confederacy must be attained. They mourned the extinction of one of the eyes of Germany. Silently but rapidly the armament dissolved. Godfrey alone remained to prosecute the war. With his aid it was brought to a successful issue. A capitulation placed Otho and the other leaders in the Emperor's power. With their persons secured, their estates forfeited, and their resources destroyed, he returned to join with the loyal citizens of Worms in chanting the 'Te Deum laudamus.' The same sacred strain had but a few days before celebrated at Rome a still more important and enduring victory.

Gregory had rightly judged, that while the rival princes were immersed in civil war, he might securely convene the princes of the Church to give effect to designs of far deeper significance. The long aisles of the Lateran were crowded with grave Canonists and mitred Abbots, with Bishops and Cardinals, with the high functionaries, and the humble apparitors of the Papal State. Proudly eminent above them all, sat the Vicar and Vicegerent of the King of Kings. Masses were sung, and homilies were delivered, and rites were performed, of which the origin might be traced back to the worship of the Capitoline Jove; and then was enacted by the ecclesiastical Senate, a law, not unlike the most arrogant of those which eleven centuries before had been promulgated in the Capitol. It forbade the kings and rulers of the earth to exercise their ancient right of investiture of any spiritual dignitary, and transferred to the Pope alone a patronage and an influence more than sufficient to balance within their own dominions all the powers of all the monarchs of Christendom. In the darkest hours of Imperial despotism, the successors of Julius had never enjoyed or demanded an authority so wide or so absolute. Even the daring spirit by which it had been dictated, drew back from the immediate publication of such a decree. The Pope intimated to the German court and prelates the other acts of the council, but passed over in silence the great edict for which they had been assembled, and by which they were to be immortalized. It reposed in the Papal Chancery as an authority to be invoked at a more convenient season, and in the mean time as a text for the devout to revere, and for the learned to interpret. To Hildebrand it belonged neither to expound nor to threaten, but to act.

The Bishop of Lucca was dead: the Pope nominated his successor. The Bishop of Bamberg was accused of simony: the Pope suspended him. The Archbishop of Bremen still denied the right of Papal legates to preside in a German synod: the Pope deprived him of his see and of the holy sacraments. The Bishops of Pavia, Turin, and Placentia adhered to Honorius: the Pope deposed them. Henry's five exiled councillors gave no signs of repentance: the Pope again excommunicated them. The Normans invaded the Roman territory: the Pope assailed them by a solemn anathema. Philip of France continued to indulge himself, and to pillage every one else: the Pope upbraided and menaced him. Thus with maledictions, sometimes as deadly as the Poppington miasma, sometimes as innocuous as the Mediterranean breeze, he waged war with his antagonists, and exercised in reality the powers which he yet hesitated to assert in words.

To the conqueror of Saxony these encroachments and anathemas of the Pontiff appeared more offensive than formidable. He retaliated rather by scorn than by active hostility. He heaped favours on his own excommunicated councillors—sent one of his chaplains to ascend the vacant throne—nominated an obscure and scandalous member of his own household for the princely mitre of Cologne, and forbade his Saxon subjects to appeal to Rome even in cases exclusively ecclesiastical. To Henry, the Pontiff seemed an angry, arrogant, vituperative, old man, best to be encountered by contempt. To Gregory, the Emperor appeared as the feeble and unconscious agent in a providential scheme for subjecting the secular to the spiritual dynasty. To such as could read the signs of the times, it was evident that, on either side, this contempt was misplaced, and that a long and sanguinary conflict drew near, by which the future destinies of the world would be determined.

Events hurried rapidly onward to that crisis. Complaints were preferred to the Holy See of crimes committed by Henry against the Saxon Church which cried for vengeance, and of vices practised by him in private, which rendered him unfit for communion with his fellow Christians. Gregory cited the Emperor to appear before him to answer these charges. The Emperor, if we may believe the papal historians, answered by an attempt to assassinate the author of so presumptuous a citation.

On Christmas eve, in the year 1075, the city of Rome was visited by a dreadful tempest. Not even the full moon of Italy could penetrate the dense mass of superincumbent clouds. Darkness brooded over the land, and the trembling spectators believed that the day of final judgment was about to dawn. In this war of the elements, however, two processions were seen advancing to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. At the head of one was the aged Hildebrand, conducting a few priests to worship at the shrine of the Virgo Deipara. The other was preceded by Cencius, a Roman noble. His followers were armed as for some desperate enterprise. At each pause in the roar of the tempest might be heard the hallelujahs of the worshippers, or the voice of the Pontiff pouring out benedictions on the little flock which knelt before him—when the arm of Cencius grasped his person, and the sword of some yet more daring ruffian inflicted a wound on his forehead. Bound with cords, stripped of his sacred vestments, beaten, and subjected to the basest indignities, the venerable minister of Christ was carried to a fortified mansion within the walls of the city, again to be removed at daybreak to exile or to death. Women were there with women's sympathy and kindly offices, but they were rudely put aside, and a drawn sword was already aimed at the Pontiff's bosom, when the cries of a fierce multitude threatening to burn or batter down the house, arrested the arm of the assassin. An arrow, discharged from below, reached, and slew him. The walls rocked beneath the strokes of the maddened populace, and Cencius, falling at the prisoner's feet, became himself a suppliant for pardon and for life.

In profound silence and undisturbed serenity, Hildebrand had thus far submitted to these atrocious indignities. The occasional raising of his eyes towards heaven alone indicated his consciousness of them. But to the supplication of his prostrate enemy he returned an instant and a calm assurance of forgiveness; he rescued Cencius from the exasperated besiegers, dismissed him in safety and in peace, and returned amidst the acclamations of the whole Roman people to complete the interrupted solemnities of Santa Maria Maggiore.

That Henry instigated this crime, is a charge of which no proof is extant, and to which all probabilities are opposed. But it was current at the time; and the contest thenceforward assumed all the bitterness of personal animosity. To the charges of sacrilege, impurity, and assassination, preferred against the Emperor, his partisans answered by denouncing the Pope himself, at a Synod convened at Worms, as base-born, and as guilty of murder, simony, necromancy and devil worship, of habitual, though concealed, profligacy, and of an impious profanation of the Eucharist. Fortunately for the fame of Gregory, his enemies have written a book. Cardinal Benno, one of the most inveterate, has bequeathed to us a compendium of all those synodal invectives. The guilt of a base birth is established; for Hildebrand's father was a carpenter in the little Tuscan town of Saone. The other imputations are refuted by the evident malignity of the writer, and by the utter failure, or the wild extravagance, of his proofs.

Such, however, was not the judgment of the Synod of Worms. A debate, of two days' continuance, closed with an unanimous vote that Gregory the Seventh should be abjured and deposed. Henry first affixed his signature to the form of abjuration. Then each Archbishop, Bishop, and Abbot, rising in his turn, subscribed the same fatal scroll. Scarcely was the assembly dissolved, before Imperial messengers were on their way to secure the concurrence of other Churches, and the support of the temporal princes. On every side, but especially in Northern Italy, a fierce and sudden flame attested the long mouldering resentment of the priests whom the Pope had divorced from their wives; of the lords whose simoniacal traffic he had arrested; of the princes whose Norman invaders he had cherished; of ecclesiastics whom his haughty demeanour had incensed; of the licentious whom his discipline had revolted; and of the patriotic whom his ambition had alarmed. The abjuration of Worms was adopted with enthusiasm by another Synod at Placentia. Oaths of awful significance cemented the confederacy. Acts of desperate hostility bore witness to their determination to urge the quarrel to extremities. Not a day was to be lost in intimating to Gregory that the apostolic sceptre had fallen from his hands, and that the Christian Church was once more free.

It was now the second week in Lent, in the year 1076. From his throne, beneath the sculptured roof of the Vatican, Gregory, arrayed in the rich mantle, the pall, and the other mystic vestments of pontifical dominion, looked down the far-receding aisle of the sacred edifice on the long array of ecclesiastical Lords and Princes, before whom Henry King of Germany and Italy, calling himself Emperor, had been summoned to appear not as their sovereign to receive their homage, but as a culprit to await their sentence. As he gazed on that new senate, asserting a jurisdiction so majestic—and listened to harmonies which might not unfitly have accompanied the worship of Eden—and joined in anthems which in far distant ages had been sung by blessed saints in their dark crypts, and by triumphant martyrs in their dying agonies—and inhaled the incense symbolical of the prayers offered by the Catholic Church to her eternal Head—what wonder, if, under the intoxicating influence of such a scene and of such an hour, the old man believed that he was himself the apostolic Rock on which her foundations were laid, and that his cause and person were sacred as the will, and invincible as the power of heaven itself. The 'Veni Creator' was on the lips of the papal choir, when Roland, an envoy from the Synods of Worms and Placentia, presented himself before the assembled hierarchy of Rome. His demeanour was fierce, and his speech abrupt. 'The King and the United Bishops both of Germany and Italy,' (such was his apostrophe to the Pope,) transmit to thee this command:—Descend without delay from the throne of St. Peter. Abandon the usurped government of the Roman Church. To such honours none must aspire without the general choice and the sanction of the Emperor.' Then addressing the conclave—'To you, brethren,' he said, 'it is commanded, that at the feast of Pentecost ye present yourselves before the King my master, to receive a pope and father from his hands. This pretended pastor is a ravenous wolf.' A brief pause of mute astonishment gave way to shouts of fury. Swords were drawn, and the audacious herald was about to expiate his temerity with his blood. But Gregory descended from his throne, received from the hands of Roland the letters of the Synods, and resuming his seat, read them in a clear and deliberate voice to the indignant council. Again the sacred edifice rang with a tempest of passionate invective. Again swords were drawn on Roland, and again the storm was composed by the voice of the Pontiff. He spoke of prophecies fulfilled in the contumacy of the King and in the troubles of the faithful. He assured them, that victory would reward their zeal, or divine consolations soothe their defeat; but whether victory or defeat should be their doom, the time, he said, had come when the avenging sword must be drawn to smite the enemy of God and of his Church.

The speaker ceased, and turned for approbation, or at least for acquiescence, not to the enthusiastic throng of mitred or of armed adherents, but to one who, even in that eventful moment, divided with himself the gaze and the sympathy of that illustrious assemblage. For by his side, though in a inferior station, sat Agnes the Empress-mother, brought there to witness and to ratify the judgment to be pronounced on her only child, whom she had borne amidst the proudest hopes, and trained for empire beneath the griefs and anxieties of widowhood. She bore, or strove to bear herself as a daughter of the Church, but could not forget that she was the mother of Henry, when, in all the impersonated majesty of that holy fellowship, Hildebrand, raising his eyes to heaven, with a voice echoing, amidst the breathless silence of the Synod, through the remotest arches of the lofty pile, invoked the holy Peter, prince of the apostles, to hear, and 'Mary the mother of God,' and the blessed Paul and all the saints to bear witness, while for the honour and defence of Christ's Church, in the name of the sacred Trinity, and by the power and authority of Peter, he interdicted to King Henry, son of Henry the Emperor, the government of the whole realm of Germany and Italy, absolved all Christians from their oaths and allegiance to him, and bound him with the bond of anathema, 'that the nations may know and acknowledge that thou art Peter, and that upon thy rock the Son of the living God hath built his church, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'—[To be Continued.]

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.
CHAPTER XXII.—THE ROSICRUCIAN REVEALED.

It was late when Neville returned to his lodgings—but even then he did not immediately sink to sleep. The fatigues of a long march, under a broiling sun, might well have disposed him for slumber, had not the stirring incidents of the day counteracted such an inclination. After lying for some time feverishly on his bed, he arose, and throwing on a dressing-gown, approached the open window of his chamber. It looked out upon a small garden, trimmed with something of English neatness, and sloping down to the noble river

by which the town was watered. There was no moon, and the stars were but faintly shining, yet the night was not dark. Color was withdrawn from earth, but the form of objects were visible; and the water, which, at some distance, with a slight fall, passed over a bed of stone.

"And all night long a lulling murmur made," only served to render the stillness of nature and the hush of all human activities felt more sensibly. The flowers and shrubs of the garden sent up faint odors, and everything, even to the dimness of the air, which was not darkness, was favourable to contemplation. Not unlike the night, which seemed to retain no trace of occurrences recently past, was now the mind of Neville. The excitements of the day were allayed—every agitating topic—every new speculation—party politics—county interests—rights and sufferings of rich and poor—all faded into more than the dimness of the night—all were hushed into deeper stillness than that of the slumbering town. Not the full orb moon, were she to come forth upon the night heavens with all the splendor of the climes in which she shines brightest, could reign with a more absolute majesty in the world abroad, than the fond influence to which Neville surrendered himself exercised over his thoughts and feelings. At first it was an influence rather than a mere definite impression—a sense of his love, deep, tender, and unhappy, possessed him; then came the thought—and it was much to know, although he knew no more—that he was not separated by seas from the fair being whose image arose before him. Perhaps she breathed the same air. Perhaps she gazed upon the night as he did, and thought of him. Then came the question—did she not love?—and the train of recollections that followed, as if to answer, from the first timid glance which betrayed interest, even in the eager haste with which it was withdrawn, to the fond and sorrowful farewell which revealed a love

"Hidden and hid in vain."

All tender remembrances crowded upon his soul, and shaped themselves into visions which beguiled him of his unhappiness.

But, however soul may raise above bodily impressions, it is often forced to acknowledge them; and, however vivid may be the reveries through which fancy leads the willing spirit, a shock of earthly realities will often make itself felt through them. The sound of voices at an adjacent window disturbed his visions—one was of a female. It said:

"But how can I give credit to the word of a man, that life can be preserved for ever, when the Word of God so plainly tells me that we must all die?"

So much Neville might have heard mechanically, but the answer was returned in a voice that thrilled through his whole frame, and reclaimed him at once to a wakeful consciousness of realities.

"Die, madam!" it said, "die? Do you know clearly what the Scripture means when it speaks of death? That greatest, as well as first, of historians, who gave laws to God's people, Israel, narrates, that it was appointed to man to die, even in the day when he tasted of the fruit prohibited—'In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.' Did Adam die in that day? He did, madam, even in that day he died. It is true, there is a death recorded of him many a long century after, but there is a life which is death. That which you call death, what is it? Something which occasions wide separation between the departed and the survivor. You interchange no after thoughts of love with those whom you term the dead. They are unconscious, at least you know not that they are conscious of your love for them—of your sorrow after them. The dead may have communings of love and thought with others: to you they are dead, when nature has effected what in this world you esteem a final separation. Before sin came, man was brother to pure intelligence of a more elevated nature than his own. His share in their knowledge, was admitted to communion with them, lived in spirit, and conversed with spiritual beings. This communion was interrupted—life in the spirit ceased—the eye of sense opened—and the discernments of the more ethereal faculties waxed dim. Such was the first death—the death we are living now; the dissolution which ordinarily comes to mortals, is that in which this grosser death has its extinction. Doubt not, madam, that the life of the spirit may become so exalted by heavenly converse with beings of the upper and purer regions, that the earthly part of our existence shall be elevated as that of Adam was when God breathed the breath of life into his nostrils, and he 'became a living soul.'"

It was the Rosicrucian who spoke. The voice once heard—heard, too, on an occasion like that in which Neville once, and only once, before heard it—was never to be forgotten.

Signor Barbarini was in Ireland. It needed not his presence to give the past and the distant power over Neville's yielded faculties.

The town clock tolling the hour of one, with a voice which the deep stillness of the night rendered solemn, aroused him, and at the same instant he became aware of the plash of oars, and discerned a boat approaching. It was moored nearly opposite his window, and departed after a short delay, containing, evidently, a form more than it had conveyed to land. Neville soon found the imprisonment of his chamber intolerable, and betaking himself to the open air, continued to pace the little garden beneath his window, until darkness melted into the gray dawn of a fair morning. Suddenly, he found that he was not alone. As he turned in the narrow limits of his promenade, a form was visible at the verge of the garden, at the water side. It did not retire or change place as he approached, and showed, when he drew near enough to discern, the statue and face of the Rosicrucian, bearing a box of small dimensions in his hand, and standing motionless and silent under the one large tree by which the place was adorned. As soon as Neville became aware of his presence, he hastened to accost him, and commenced an apology for his seeming breach of propriety in Paris; but the Rosicrucian interrupted him:

"Edward Marnaduke Neville," said he, "it is well. I have sought for you diligently, and in a good time found you. Receive this case, and guard it as you would guard the life you should hold dearest; it contains papers of much value, which, once lost, can never be replaced."

"For whom am I to guard them?" asked the youth.

"For the heir of the Nevilles," was the reply; "his they are of right, the usurper has been deprived of them."

"May I ask," said Neville, as he received the deposit, "to whom am I indebted for the interest you appear to take in me and my fortunes. I have no consciousness of having merited such a favor, and only thanks to return for it."

"The time will come when you can make an honourable return, by faithfully discharging your duties; meanwhile, let the sense of gratitude lie light on you. I but execute a trust confided to me by one whom I knew long—by your father, young man," said the Rosicrucian, his voice faltering a little as he spoke. "I was with him in his happier days—I shared his long captivity. It was his fond desire that I should find you if you were alive, and convey to you a father's blessing."

"Bless me in his name," said Neville, deeply moved, and he uncovered his head and knelt. The Rosicrucian stood for a moment without moving, then laid one hand on the young man's head, and raised the other toward heaven, sounds murmuring from his lips, not distinct or articulate enough to be arranged into words, but which were evidently the outpourings of a highly-wrought spirit. Neville felt the hand on his head tremble excessively, and before he arose from his kneeling posture the old man had stooped and kissed his forehead; then rising, after this escape of feeling, he stood impassive as before.

"Tell me of my father," said the youth. "Never to have known him has been my heavy calamity. If the departed know human hearts, he knows how deeply I revere him. Tell me of him, I implore you."

"I shall find a time," said the signor, "to tell you of him, and of his sorrows. He was one who suffered much, but never had to endure dishonor. The time is not now; and you, too, poor youth, must seek repose. Guard well your deposit; it was faithfully kept by him from whom I have this night reclaimed it, but it would be safe with him no longer. I confide it to you, because there is danger around all others to whom I dare intrust it. But see, we must separate: the mountain tops are brightening—we may be seen. It was not my design to have delivered up my trust to you at an hour like this; but when from the boat I saw you in the garden I changed my purpose. Visit me to-morrow, before noon; come by the way you see me take, and strike three times on the door I enter."

Then, followed by Neville, he entered a path by the water-side, bordering the little gardens which only hedge-rows separated, and, turning from it into a walk leading to a house next that in which Neville was lodged, speedily reached a door, waved to the young man an adieu, and disappeared.

The Rosicrucian was awakened after a brief slumber to receive an intimation by which he was much excited, and which influenced him to arrange his magic chamber with more than the accustomed carefulness. While employed in ordering and superintending the necessary adjustments, he was the theme of conversation to two of the parties who had consulted him on the preceding day, and who canvassed his conduct and character with little respect or reserve. These were Buck Farrell and his acquaintance Miles, who, agreeably to appointment, met at the tavern on the bridge, on the morning after their visit to the sage. The Buck's fortunes had pursued rather a downward course during the past year; traces of suffering endured, and anticipations of worse disasters to come, were discernible in his countenance and manner; but still he strove to keep up a recklessness which he was pleased to term a bold heart, and lorded it over hosts and waiters pretty much as usual. We can afford, therefore, to spare the reader a *refrécissement* of his dialogue with old Savory, in which points of wit and epigram were much less discernible than the spirit of domineering. We can pass by his criticisms on the viands and the cuisine, and will select from the conference between him and Miles, (when the two were left alone to the enjoyment of a tankard of claret, which they occasionally diversified and qualified by a sip of old cogniac,) such portions of the dialogue as are essential to our story:

"I say, Buck," said Miles, "I do not like this fellow; he is not lucky."

"What fellow, do you mean, Savory?"

"Not I—I know very well I don't. You know whom I mean as well as I do myself. D—n him!"

"Come, boy, be abroad; don't be afraid to say who you mean. When you curse a man, tell out his name. It makes things regular."

"What do you or I know of the villain's name! D—n this signor—this conjuror!"

"Now you speak sense, my lad; let us drink the toast, and after, you can tell me why you hate him, and why you think of seeing him, and why you think of seeing him again to-day; but, first, you're to tell me what pleasant things passed between you and him yesterday."

Miles turned pale, and was for a moment silent. The Buck filled a small glass with brandy and held it toward him. He paid ready honor to its contents.

"You don't want to know," said he, "the fellow's nonsense and juggling before he came to the point? It was the same, I suppose, with both of us. At last he seemed as though he was going to speak—and foolish as I thought the whole thing, the fellow's face and manner had something in them that made me anxious to hear him. The first word he uttered was," and Miles's voice sunk, unconsciously to himself, to a hoarser bass than usual—"Blood, blood," said he, with that unmerciful voice and look—"blood shed in crime and cruelty—blood newly shed, else I could read through it. All this he said, looking down at the book, and as if he never thought that I was near. He looked at me then like an evil spirit, as he did when I came. 'Come to me,' said he 'to-morrow.'"

"What blood did he mean?" said Buck, in a low voice, and with something of loathing in the expression.

"Blast you, Buck, for your question. Don't you know well that there are things that I know, and believe that you know too, and that they seem more terrible when one talks of them?"

"Come, come, this won't do. You might lose your fine temper, if we were to stay diverting ourselves in discourse like this—let us go to the conjuror, he's a pleasanter fellow than either of us. Is it not in his own private apartments you are to see him to-day?"

"I'm not so sure of that. I'm not to see him now, at any rate. There's a greater than you or me has him bespoke. What do you think of Mr. Neville?"

"Mr. Neville! Garret Neville?"

"The very same—he set upon me, with his cross questions, last night—he, and that imp of hell, Pearson—the rascal that sets him on, and draws him off, just by that treacherous squint of his. I'm d—d, but it's a kind of language—the devil's language—the kind of looks he gives; and the master, you'd think, was reading it. So, at last, he tells me that he must go himself in my place."

Buck Farrell and Miles were not the only persons whose interview with the Rosicrucian was postponed. Neville, who at an early hour in the morning, experienced a similar disappointment, and with some difficulty, found time to apprise the signor of the circumstance which compelled him to fail in his engagement.

"You but anticipate me," said the Rosicrucian, "I would have warned you not to keep tryste with me to-day; work is to be done here, which, for the present, I have no desire that you should witness."

The apartments into which Garret Neville, and Pearson, his servant, entered, although prepared for their reception, had little of that species of display, which was thought, at the time, properly characteristic of a magician's chamber. A curtain of black cloth, on which some frightful and fantastic

forms were depicted, suspended from a spacious arch, left it doubtful how much of the apartment was concealed. At the side of the archway, or alcove, between the pillar and the wall, there was a frame, about two feet square, and about four feet from the ground. A black curtain hung before it, on which a death's head was wrought in silver. In other respects there was nothing peculiar in what has been more recently styled "the physiognomy" of the apartment. When Garret Neville entered this chamber of unostentatious magic, its only occupant was a beautiful female child, of about twelve or fourteen years of age. She was attired in a tunic of yellow silk, loose white muslin trowsers, and her tiny feet cased in sandals. Her hair, raven black, was bound with a circlet of pearls, and hung down in long ringlets on her neck and shoulders—her form was small, and elegantly shaped—the expression of her countenance lofty, and somewhat sad. At first, one would be at a loss to account for a peculiarity in this expression, but would end, perhaps, in ascribing it to an absence of hope. In every human countenance, not reflecting utter and unrevealed wretchedness, hope, directly, or indirectly, has some effect in modifying the character. In the beautiful face of the young girl who rose to salute Neville and his companion, the peculiarity was, that the absence of this expression did not cause a shade of more than pleasing sadness. It seemed as if hope had been extinguished in knowledge, not in sorrow—and although it was strange that one so young could have ceased to feel the influence of so enlivening a principle, yet the sweet resignation that followed it gave a charm of deeper interest to the rare beauty of her countenance.

"The Signor Dottore will receive you presently, gentlemen; be pleased to sit," said she.

"Neville bowed, and motioned to Pearson to be seated. As neither spoke to the young lady, she resumed the book she had laid down when she rose to receive them.

The visitors remained for some time silent—Pearson, through a habit of respect—and Neville, from mental preoccupation. Before either spoke, the black curtain drew partially back, with a silent, one would be disposed to say, a voluntary motion, and a deep alcove was disclosed, almost dark, its principle light being a lamp, or chafin-dish which burned on the floor, and threw a quivering gleam on the eastern robes and monumental figure of the Rosicrucian.

When the curtain was withdrawn, the child glided into the alcove, and, returning into the outer apartment, said to Neville:

"The signor desires that you would write on this card what you demand of him."

Garret Neville seemed, at first, uncertain what to do, while the child waited patiently. At length, he took the offered card from her delicate hand, and wrote:

"A person, whose right to the property he holds is contested, desires to know what shall be the issue of the dispute. Valuable papers have been purloined from him. Who has taken them? How may they be recovered?"

With this writing the child entered the alcove, and, soon returning, said:

"The Signore Dottore desires you to know, that time moves in a mystic circle, and whose looketh into the future, should be prepared therein to behold the past. He wills you to think if you are thus prepared, and desires your answer."

"Say we are prepared. He can say nothing we are unprepared to hear nor show anything we dare not look upon," said Neville, a spark of his ancient spirit lighting up the courage for which he had once been distinguished.

There were now some moments of silence. The alcove became filled with a cloud of fragrance, and sweet perfume filled the whole apartment. As the cloud dispersed, the Rosicrucian became visible, his head uplifted, as if he held conference, by spiritual instrumentality, with some unseen being. Neville and even his companion, felt the subduing influence of suspense, and the child waited with the patience of one to whom things strange to mankind in general had become familiar. At last a decisive moment seemed to have arrived. The heavy drapery before the alcove shook, as if a strong wind had waved it. One sharp, sudden sound was heard, followed by profound silence and stillness, and the smaller curtain, marked with the death's head, was no longer to be seen. In its place there was a pannel traced all round with mysterious images and characters, but retaining one central spot, exempt from imagery.

"Zoe," said the magician; and the child glided to the pannel, where, standing on a footstool, she set herself quietly to watch.

"Relate what you see, dear child," said he.

"A beautiful lady," said the child, "but how very pale and sad! is reclining in a chair, beside the fire in a small chamber. Now, a nurse, with an infant in rich robes, stands near her—the lady has taken it in her arms. Alas! she is weeping, and her tears are falling on the baby's face. Now she is again alone. Her heavy eyes are raised, and she looks into the large mirror on the opposite wall, and as she gazes on her pale face she smiles. Oh, what a smile! A gentleman enters with an angry countenance; now, he, too, seems sad. He is on his knees by the lady's chair, and holds her hand. She withdraws it from him. She is taking a ring from off her finger—a plain ring; she holds it before him; she has dropped it into the fire."

Garret Neville, by his laborious breathing, and by his compressed features, was evidently struggling with himself to prevent any more distinct manifestations or disquietude; but could not suppress a deep drawn sigh.

"Now, there is a vision of darkness," said the child, "but I can see through it a churchyard; the tower and the monuments. A human form moves through the darkness: it is gone; there is nothing now but the churchyard. There is a light, and I can see other forms. One is lying on a grave, and men are gathering round him. Oh!" shrieked the child, placing her hands over her eyes, and springing from the footstool.

Neville started up, and cried in tones of agony.

"Not guilty!—not guilty! In the presence of an avenging God, I swear I had no part in that horrid crime!"

The Rosicrucian took no notice of the exclamation.

"Zoe," said he, "can you compose yourself to look again upon the vision?"

The child, after some short time, ceased sobbing.

"The moon," said the child, "the round, fair moon," and she paused.

"Is the moon only visible? See you nothing of this lower world?"

"Nothing, nothing, only the gracious moon, and her attendant stars, and the heaven that loves her so. Now I see more. A sweet, gentle, green hill, and a house on its side—a red house, with towers, and pinnacles, and many broad steps, leading to a large rich doorway. The gravel before the steps glitters in the light like gems. What a beautiful avenue, so long and straight! The trees so tall, and their shadows which lie so deep! Now I see a human figure in the avenue. It moves towards the hill; sometimes in

the light, then disappearing into the shade, and again emerging. It moves on quickly. It has turned on the side of the hill and I see it no more. Again, 'tis on the gravel before the doorway; now it passes up the steps; the door opens; the figure has entered.

For some time the child was silent. She then resumed:

"Two horses are led to the door, and now two cavaliers are riding rapidly from it. They have passed the gate, and are riding furiously over a heath." She ceased abruptly; and after a moment's silence, said, in a whisper,

"They are down."

"What are down?"

"The riders. They have fallen—they are dead."

Neville started up, as if to rush forward, but was withheld by his companion, who whispered:

"Recollect yourself. Lean back, sir; there is more air in the window. Signor Dottore, a little water, if you please; or, if your habits permit, brandy—it would be more available."

"He can taste nothing while the vision is in progress."

"I am better, Pearson. I can bear it; and I will," said Neville, in a tone of voice which denoted his struggle for resolution.

This little scene was enacted while the last two or three answers were given. Neville then raised himself in his chair, as one resolved to confront the worst that could befall him, and the child resumed.

"Two persons have come out of a dark hollow, and are bearing off one of those who had fallen; the other was not dead. He is mounting the horse that remained at his side. Men are coming toward him quickly. There," cried she, after remaining silent a moment, and drawing a long breath, "he is in the saddle, and galloping—they cannot overtake him."

"Stay near me, Pearson. Let me feel your hand on my shoulder," said Neville, whispering from his parched throat.

"What do you see, Zoe? Is the pursuit ended?"

"No; and he rides toward the avenue and the hill. Horsemen are there; they wear a dress like soldiers. He rides in another direction—I cannot see him."

"And the persons on the hill?"

"The door is open—some of them have entered the house—they are dragging a lady forward—she struggles with them—there is a coach—they force her into it, and themselves enter. The horses go fast, very fast—the coach, and the soldiers surrounding it. I see him again—men are with him—he rides after the soldiers and the carriage! How brave he is—faster—faster. He has a sword—I see it glittering. The soldiers halt, and the carriage is still going away fast. He comes on and a man opposes him. Their swords meet—the soldier has fallen!"

"Sorcerer! devil!" muttered Neville, starting up; he then stood still, as if incapable of executing his meditated purpose, and soon sunk upon a chair, where he remained for some time motionless; at length he revived, and the child, who had been affrighted by his exclamation, took her place again.

"A narrow, lofty chamber," she said, "with curiously carved cabinets around it—a gentleman has opened one, and taken a case from it—there are papers in the case—he examines them—he puts them back in the case, and has departed bearing it with him."

"Ask, Pearson," said Neville, "what manner of man he was."

The Rosicrucian heard, and said:

"Describe him, Zoe."

The child paused; and Garret Neville, who seemed much revived, repeated his request:

"Describe the pilferer."

"The person I saw in the vision was like—" and the child hesitated.

"Like what?" cried Neville.

No answer.

"Like this!" exclaimed the Rosicrucian, casting off his cloak and cap, and striding into the outer apartment.

Garret Neville, beheld the pilferer! look, if you can endure it, upon your brother's face. Touch me: I am not dead: I have outlived all sorrows—even a brother's treachery."

An awful stillness of some minutes' duration succeeded—the Rosicrucian gazing on his smitten brother, whose head, after he had raised it once, sunk under the solemn look it met, and remained bowed upon his breast; the child looking with wondering and beseeching eyes to one and to the other. At last Garret Neville gathered power to speak.

"Pearson," said he, "my sight is confused: lead me somewhere, that I may think." Then it was for the first time noticed that Pearson had withdrawn.

"Yes, think and be sorrowful," said the Rosicrucian. "I would not kill or curse you. Even this shame would I have spared you, could I have resisted the spirit that strove with me. I purposed but to awaken your remorse; at another time I would have disclosed myself; but I was weak, and the spirit in the ascendant was mighty. Zoe, dear child, it is not thus I would have made known a father to you, in the first hour that you beheld him."

"Father!" cried Garret Neville, speaking to himself. "Zoe! this my daughter!"

"Your daughter," repeated the Rosicrucian. Such my return for all your injuries."

Then, hearing the tramp of horses, and catching a glimpse of a military uniform, he said:

"Look out—look out upon my son. I forget myself when I behold him; and am almost brought back to this world of death. Look upon him—is he not worthy to uphold the honor of our race?"

But his son was not in the ranks upon which the father now looked down; nor was a friendly office assigned to them. While they remained drawn up before the house, hurrying steps ascended the staircase; the door opened, and followed by constables, the mayor approached the signor, and arrested him in the name of the king, as John Marmaduke Neville!

A PULPIT PORTRAIT—ROBERT HALL.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

As I wish to render these sketches of mine interesting to all classes, I shall occasionally introduce to my readers notices of public speakers, as well as of popular writers. There are many in the British House of Parliament, in the Pulpit, at the Bar, and on the Platform, whose names are as familiar as household words on this side of the water, and respecting whose habits and peculiarities some information, although necessarily slight, may not be uninteresting here. I shall select my first oratorical portrait from the Pulpit.

In the foremost rank of modern Pulpit Orators was Robert Hall, and he was scarcely less eccentric as a man than remarkable as a preacher. His works,

which have been reprinted in America, will ever remain an enduring monument of his piety, his genius, and his learning. To give some account of the man, himself, is my present object.

Long before I ever saw this truly great man, I had heard his name frequently mentioned in my father's family, and I early learned to associate with it all that was great and extraordinary. My mother would tell me how she had often seen him, in the Baptist Theological College, at Bristol, pacing the streets with only one stocking on, or occasionally with two on one foot. And from all quarters, I gleaned such information, respecting him, as made me long to behold the man of whom such stories were related.

It must be now nearly twenty years ago since I first saw him. He was at that time Pastor of a Church at Leicester, and he visited Bristol, where I then resided, on the occasion of a Missionary Anniversary; one of the sermons connected with which he had engaged to preach, much, I heard, against his own inclination, for he had an unconquerable dislike to making his appearance on such public occasions.

My father happening to hold the office of Deacon in the Church, where Mr. Hall was to officiate, I went with him, on the evening in question, to the place of worship, and accompanied him, before the service commenced into the Vestry. The building, although it wanted yet an hour to the time fixed for commencing the service, was densely thronged in every part—and perhaps a more intellectual assemblage had never been gathered together. So popular was the great orator at this time, that it was no uncommon thing for the Professors, at Oxford and Cambridge, to leave their respective Universities on Saturday evenings—post to Leicester, some hundred and fifty miles or so, hear two sermons from Hall, and return to their homes after the evening services—thus sacrificing two nights' rest for the sake of indulging in what was considered to be one of the highest intellectual treats.

On entering the Vestry I found a large number of ministers, and other gentlemen, assembled, and waiting the arrival of Mr. Hall—the scarcely less celebrated John Foster, to whom I shall presently have occasion to refer, amongst them.

After we had waited for about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Hall made his appearance. He was rather below the average height, stout, and inclined to corpulency. His chest was very broad and capacious—the face large, and its features massive. His eyes were large, dark, and full, and his forehead high and broad. The head, which was bald, except at the back, and over the temples, had an indescribable grandeur about it. The worst part of his face was the mouth, which was very large, and the under lip somewhat protruded; the chin was large and projecting. This gave an appearance of heaviness to his general aspect. Brougham once said of his physiognomy, "Robert Hall has a face—the upper part of which belongs to an angel, the lower to a demon." This was, perhaps, describing it a little too strongly—but the Ex-Chancellor is not in the habit of mincing his phrases.

I was at once struck with the expression of almost torture which was evident in Mr. Hall's countenance. He seemed to be constantly endeavouring to conceal bodily suffering—and it was so, for he was in reality a martyr to one of the most painful diseases which can affect humanity—Calculi in the kidneys.

After he had divested himself of his great coat, he had a pipe and some tobacco brought him, and having puffed away for a little time he pulled off his dress coat, lay down on his back on the hearth rug, and was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. This, I learned, was his usual habit, before entering the pulpit. The agony he endured compelled him to spend a great portion of his time in a recumbent position, and it was only by the use of tobacco and opium, in large quantities, that he could ever obtain even comparative ease. His custom was to smoke prodigiously until the moment arrived when it was required of him to commence his sermon. He would then rise, leave his pipe at the door of the pulpit, in readiness for him to resume his Nicotian habit, the moment after he had concluded his discourse.

I left him on his hearth rug, and reached a seat in the church, from whence I was fortunate enough to have a full view of the pulpit. The edifice was literally full, almost to suffocation. The great, the gifted, and even the noble were there, all waiting with eager intensity for the commencement of the service. The aisles had all been carpeted, an unusual thing, it is necessary to state, in those days, in order that no scuffling of feet should disturb the preacher, who was nervously alive to the slightest noise, and whose voice was so low, and at times tremulous, that unless perfect stillness was kept, it was a matter of difficulty to hear him.

In a pew beneath the gallery sat, amongst others, two gentlemen, to whom my attention was directed, and I employed the interval before the service commenced, in examining their outward and visible appearances, for they were both "men of mark," and I now saw them for the first time. As I sat in a pew which ran at right angles with theirs, and was within ear shot, I had a most favorable opportunity of surveying their features.

The *physique* of one of the two was striking enough, and would anywhere have excited attention. His face was plain, almost to ugliness—the forehead, high, but narrow, towered above his thick eyebrows, which every second were elevated and depressed with astonishing celerity; two fiery, dark eyes, peered out from beneath these appendages, and flashed with intellect. But how shall I describe the most prominent feature of that face,—the nose? It seemed to be not small enough for a nasal organ, nor large enough for a proboscis, yet it partook of the characteristics of each; it was long, and turned up at its extremity; and turned up so decidedly that it seemed to have had a violent quarrel with the mouth beneath, and was determined to keep its distance from it. That nose was never still. It seemed as if it had some violent exercise to learn, and so was convulsively drilling for it. First it twitched slightly—then its whole frame-work would shake, in such a manner, that its destruction seemed inevitable; then its point would droop, and almost instantaneously rise with a jerk. Occasionally it would go through a pantomimic jig, with the two angles of the mouth for partners, and the two fiery, deep set eyes, would gaze down its bridge in a strange manner. No, that nose was never still—perpetual motion was what it seemed in pursuit of, and to this day it may be seen twitching with every varying emotion of its possessor. Some years after the period to which I am now referring, I strolled into Westminster Hall, and there, in the Court of Chancery, I saw the identical nose, and it was as brisk and lively as ever, whisking away Chancery suits with astonishing rapidity. I saw it again in Exeter Hall, when its noble possessor was delivering his great speech on slavery; it still possessed its marvellous property of restlessness—and when I last had the pleasure of beholding it, it was wagging scornfully at the Bench of Bishops, in the House of Lords.

The figure to which this nose, or rather this face, belonged, was tall and spare—and encased in clothes which might have been bought an hour before, in Seven Dials. The coat had been black—and when its wearer afterwards left the Church, I observed that his pantaloons reached half-way down a pair of

unpolished Wellington boots. Altogether, the individual I am endeavoring to describe was a most noticeable man.

And in more senses than one was he so—for, with all his eccentricities, no one will deny to Henry Brougham vast acquisitions. Yes, it was Mr. Brougham who owned to the face and figure I have portrayed.

Next him was a gentleman of a far different description. He was rather past the middle age, and had a most kind and benevolent expression of feature. His hair was growing grey, and thought had furrowed his unmistakable lines between the inner angles of the eyebrows, which overshadowed a pair of light grey eyes, in whose depths even a casual observer could not look, without feeling that the owner of them was no common man. It was Sir James Mackintosh, the biographer, historian and philosopher.

These two celebrated men presented, in their personal appearances, a most striking contrast. Brougham was eternally fidgetting about on his seat—twisting his face into all manner of shapes—standing up and sitting down again, a dozen times in a minute, and looking as though he was a hungry cannibal, or as if he wanted to dissect another Keats—for it was Brougham, and not Gifford, who penned the critique in the Quarterly, which, it is said, killed the sensitive young poet—and which is alluded to in the following parody on the "Death of Cock Robin."

"Who killed John Keats?"

I, said the Quarterly,

With BROUGHAM so tartly,

'Twas one of my feats."

I say it was a striking contrast to this, to observe Mackintosh sitting, as calmly as a Chinese Mandarin on a mantelpiece, and like it, too, only nodding his head gently when Brougham addressed any observation to him. The author of the History of England, too, was scrupulously neat in his personal appearance, and this was marked by me the more intently, in consequence of the carelessness of his neighbour.

All this may be unimportant enough, but, even at this distance of time, I seem to see the two great men, as distinctly as if the scene I am describing was one of yesterday—and thinking that there may be many who would like to see such an actor in the great political dramas of our time as Brougham, off the stage, I have taken the trouble of introducing him. With his face, as it now is, Punch has made us pretty familiar; and I may as well say, in passing, that these caricatures give a pretty accurate idea of his Lordship. Of course, they are a little exaggerated—but not so much as many, with whom I have chatted on the subject are apt to suppose.

It is needless to say that Hall's pulpit talents must have been very great, to have attracted such men as those I have just mentioned. Even ministers of the Church from which he dissented, were often to be found amongst his hearers; and more than once have I seen members of the Bench of Bishops, who, having thrown aside their mitres, crosiers, and lawn sleeves, submitted to be "hail fellow, well met" with the members of the humbler community, for the sake of hearing the Cicero of the day.

But I must proceed more directly to the object I had in view, when I commenced this paper: a notice of Robert Hall.

The services preliminary to the sermon had been nearly gone through, and the last verse of a hymn was being sung, when Mr. Hall ascended slowly, and, I thought, wearily, the pulpit stairs. No one, looking at his somewhat unwieldy and rather ungraceful figure, would have been prepossessed in his favor; and as he sat down in the pulpit, and looked languidly round on the congregation, I experienced, I know not why, a feeling of disappointment.

He rose and read his text: "The Father of Lights." At first, his voice was scarcely audible, and there appeared some slight hesitation; but this soon wore off, and as he warmed with his subject, he poured forth such a continuous stream of eloquence, that it seemed as if it flowed from some inexhaustible source. His tones were, although low, beautifully modulated; but, owing to some affection in his throat, his speech was, at short intervals, interrupted by a short spasmodic cough. During the delivery of his brilliant paragraphs, the most breathless silence reigned throughout the vast assemblage; but his momentary cessation was the signal for general relaxation from an attention so intense that it became almost painful. It was curious to observe how every neck was stretched out, so that not a word which fell from those eloquent lips should be lost. And the suspended breathing of those around me evinced how intently all were hanging on his charmed words. Mr. Hall's fluency was wonderful, and his command of language unsurpassed. I will not mar the beauty of his discourse by attempting to describe it; but, as I followed him, whilst, by his vivid imagination, he conveyed his hearers through the starry skies, and reasoned, from those lights of the Universe, what the Father of Lights must be, I became lost in wonder and admiration. But the crowning glory of his sermon was his allusion to the heavenly world, whose beatific glories he expatiated on, with almost the eloquence of an angel. He seemed like one inspired; and, as he guided us by living streams, and led us over the celestial fields, he seemed carried away by his subject, and his face beamed as if it reflected Heaven's own light. And this was the man who, but an hour before, had lain down on the ground, in the excess of his agony; and who, from his earliest years, had constantly endured the most excruciating torture which man can be called upon to bear! I have myself heard him say that he had never known one waking hour free from extreme pain.

Mr. Hall used very little action in the pulpit. His favorite—or, rather, his usual attitude—was, to stand and lean his chest against the cushion, his left arm lying on the Bible, and his right hand slightly raised, with the palm towards the audience. His tones were almost uniformly low, and he rarely raised them. Ideas seemed so to accumulate, whilst he was preaching, that they flowed forth without effort on his part. Never did he hesitate—and, so pure were his oral compositions, that the most elaborate efforts of the pen would rather have injured than improved their structure.

At that time, William Thorp, another distinguished preacher, flourished in Bristol; but his claims to eminence rested chiefly on his possessing a prodigious memory. In speaking of Mr. Thorp and Mr. Hall, I once heard Coleridge, who was intimate with both, remark: "Hall's mind is a fountain, which is everlastingly flowing;—Thorp's is a reservoir, which can never be exhausted."

Mr. Hall like most other men of genius, was somewhat eccentric—and possessed powers of sarcasm, which, in some instances, he exerted with tremendous force. Few men could say severer things—and I will mention an instance.

He had one day attended a Church, where a young minister preached on some public occasion. It so happened, that the preacher met Mr. Hall afterwards, at dinner, at the house of a mutual friend. The young man was very anxious to hear Mr. Hall's opinion of his discourse—and very pertinaciously plied the great man with questions respecting it. Hall endured the annoyance,

for some time, with great patience. He did not wish to hurt the young man's feelings—but he could not, conscientiously, laud his sermon. At length, worried beyond endurance, he said:—

"Well, Sir, there was one fine passage—and I liked it much, Sir—much." The young divine rubbed his hands, in high glee, and pressed Mr Hall to name it.

"Why, Sir," replied Hall, "the passage I allude to, was *your passage from the pulpit to the vestry*!"

Mr. Hall finally left Leicester, and became pastor of the Broadmead Church, in Bristol—so that I often had opportunities of hearing him, and of meeting him at the houses of mutual friends. At that time, there was quite a galaxy of ministerial talent in my native city. Hall, Liefchild, Foster, Thorp, Roberts, and others, all labored there—and many were the evenings I spent in such society. Occasionally, Mr Hall gave the reins to a sportive fancy—and nothing could be more delightful than some of his sallies. In repartee, I never knew any one so brilliant. Of course, his pipe was always provided—and drawing-rooms, which had previously been guiltless of tobacco odor, were gladly subjected to the nuisance, in Mr Hall's case.

His absence of mind was remarkable. One evening I was at a large tea party, of which Mr Hall was one. During the progress of the meal tea spoons began to grow scarce. No one knew where they went to, and a mystery seemed to be brewing with the Congou. Mr Hall was an inveterate tea drinker, and attention was directed towards him by his asking, with every fresh cup, for a tea spoon. "Where can they have gone to?" murmured the lady; but no solution to the mystery was found. Hall kept on for a long time, talking, sipping, and asking for more. At length he came to a finish, and the tea things were removed—but where were the spoons? In about an hour afterwards Mr Hall left; and on the sofa where he sat were discovered the missing articles, to the number of twenty-six, which corresponded to the number of cups he had swallowed. Of course, a general laugh followed the clearing up of the mystery. On Hall's returning to the room, he was informed of his unconscious petty larceny, but he disclaimed all knowledge of the affair.

During Mr Hall's residence in Bristol, the album mania raged to a terrible extent, and it was scarcely probable that one so popular as he was should have escaped its consequences—nor did he. One instance of an attack upon him fell under my own notice—and as it is very characteristic of the man, I shall relate it.

A young lady acquaintance of mine, who resided in the country, was extremely anxious that Mr Hall should contribute something to her album, and she begged me to forward it to the great man, with her request backed by mine. I did not much like the matter, but was so circumstanced that I could not well refuse. So I packed up the precious book, whose pages were graced with the effusions of small poetasters and amatory selections, and despatched it to Mr Hall's house. There it remained for some time, and when, at last, it was returned, Mr. Hall had written in it. At the bottom of a page he had scrawled, in his almost illegible hand—

"It is my humble opinion that Albums are very foolish things."

ROBERT HALL.

My fair friend was sadly annoyed—but for my own part, I should have much preferred so characteristic an autograph of the eloquent man, to the most complimentary lines which could have been penned.

His marriage was a singular one. One day whilst alighting at a friend's door, for the purpose of dining with him, he was joked on his bachelorhood. He said nothing, but whilst at table, was observed to take particular notice of the servant girl who came in to replenish the fire. After dinner, he went into the garden, sent for the young woman, and asked her to marry him. In her astonishment she ran away and said she believed Mr Hall had gone mad again, (he had been once deranged.) Her master, like herself, was surprised, and on his speaking with Mr. Hall on the subject, the latter declared his intention of marrying the girl, who he said had taken his fancy, by the manner in which she put the coals on. They were married and lived happily together. His widow survives him.

Mr. Hall's popularity increased, but his residence in Bristol was destined to be short. About the year 1829, I think, for I have no opportunity of referring to the exact date, his malady so increased, that his life was deemed to be in a very precarious state. He was compelled to take large quantities of opium, in order to endure the pain of his body—but his mind was as bright as ever. His medical attendant told me that he was suddenly called to him one evening. He found him in his chair, with his foot spasmodically grasping the edge of a bath—he looked calmly in his face for a moment—said "This is death," and then laying his head on his shoulder, died without a groan.

A post mortem examination was made of the body, and eight or nine calculi were extracted from the kidneys. They were of various sizes, some of them as large as a pea; and from the sides of most of them, many sharp points, the eighth of an inch in length, projected. These were imbedded in the organ, and were literally "thorns in the flesh." During his whole life he could only procure partial alleviation of pain, by lying on his back and smoking. So addicted was he to this latter habit, that I have seen him tight his pipe, after preaching, at the pulpit lamps.

His death cast a gloom over the community, far and wide. For a few days his friends were allowed to look upon his mortal remains. I went, and never was I more impressed with the grandeur of the man than when he lay in his coffin. On the wall, just over the body, hung Branwhite's print of him in the pulpit. There was the pictured preacher, and beneath it the clay tabernacle of him of whom Southey said:—"He had the eloquence of a Cicero—the learning of a Parr, and the piety of a Whitfield."

Mr. Hall's works have been re-published in this country, and are ranked amongst the most eloquent productions of the age. His magnificent discourse on Modern Infidelity has gone through numberless editions; and his sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte created such a sensation, that it was to be found in the hands of rich and poor. The Reverend author received an autograph letter from His Majesty King George the Fourth, the father of the Princess, in which the monarch expressed the deep feelings of his heart with respect to his beloved daughter, and his thanks to him who had so touchingly commemorated the sad event of her death.

During a portion of his life Mr. Hall was deranged—excessive study having induced disease of the brain. To the disgrace of the times, be it said, that he was subjected, in the Asylum where he was placed, to coercion. This he well remembered, and would often allude to it. I once heard him, in a large party, expatiate eloquently on the necessity of an amelioration of the condition of those who were bereft of reason; for, said he, touchingly, whilst he exhibited some scars on his head, the result of a blow from a keeper—"these are the wounds which I received in the house of my friends." Happily he recovered,

but his friends were ever afterwards apprehensive of a recurrence of the malady.

One of Hall's great contemporaries, John Foster, has very lately followed him to the grave. The Essay of the latter on "The Character of Robert Hall as a Preacher," should be read by all lovers of good writing. Mr. Foster's Essays have recently been re-published by the Appletons, and of this singular and eccentric man of genius I shall have hereafter something to say, as well as of some other of our pulpit writers, including Edward Irving, Robert Montgomery, Dr. Croly, the Rev. H. H. Milman, Dr. Pusey, and Wm. Jay. Boston Atlas.

SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS:

BEING A SEQUEL TO THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

PART I.—(Continued)

But coming back to the case of childhood, I maintain steadfastly—that, into all the elementary feelings of man, children look with more searching gaze than adults. My opinion is, that where circumstances favour, where the heart is deep, where humility and tenderness exist in strength, where the situation is favourable as to solitude and as to genial feelings, children have a specific power of contemplating the truth, which departs as they enter the world. It is clear to me, that children, upon elementary paths which require no knowledge of the world to unravel, tread more firmly than men; have a more pathetic sense of the beauty which lies in justice; and, according to the immortal ode of our great laureate, [ode "On the Intimations of Immortality in Childhood,"] a far closer communion with God. I, if you observe, do not much intermeddle with religion, properly so called. My path lies on the interspace between religion and philosophy, that connects them both. Yet here for once I shall trespass on grounds not properly mine, and desire you to observe in St. Matthew, chap. xxi., and v. 15, who were those that, crying in the temple, made the first public recognition of Christianity. Then, if you say, "Oh, but children echo what they hear, and are no independent authorities!" I must request you to extend your reading into v. 16, where you will find that the testimony of these children, as bearing an original value, was ratified by the highest testimony; and the recognition of these children did itself receive a heavenly recognition. And this could not have been, unless there were children in Jerusalem who saw into truth with a far sharper eye than Sannhedrims and Rabbis.

It is impossible, with respect to any memorable grief, that it can be adequately exhibited so as to indicate the enormity of the convulsion which really it caused, without viewing it under a variety of aspects—a thing which is here almost necessary for the effect of proportion to what follows: 1st, for instance in its immediate pressure, so stunning and confounding; 2dly, in its oscillations, as in its earlier agitations, frantic with tumults, that borrow the wings of the winds; or in its deceased impulses of sick languishing desire, through which sorrow transforms itself to a sunny angel, that beckons us to a sweet repose. These phases of revolving affection I have already sketched. And I shall also sketch a third, i. e. where the affliction, seemingly hushing itself to sleep, suddenly soars upwards again upon combining with another mode of sorrow; viz. anxiety without definite limits, and the trouble of a reproaching conscience. As sometimes, upon the English lakes, waterfowl that have careered in the air until the eye is wearied with the eternal wheelings of their inimitable flight—Grecian simplicities of motion, amidst a labyrinthine infinity of curves that would baffle the geometry of Apollonius—seek the water at last, as if with some settled purpose (you imagine) of reposing. Ah, how little have you understood the omnipotence of that life which they inherit! They want no rest; they laugh at resting; all is "make believe," as when an infant hides its laughing face behind its mother's shawl. For a moment it is still. Is it meaning to rest? Will its impatient heart endure to lurk there for long? Ask rather if a cataract will stop from fatigue. Will a sunbeam sleep on its travels? Or the Atlantic rest from its labours? As little can the infant, as little can the waterfowl of the lakes, suspend their play, or rest unless when nature compels them. Suddenly starts off the infant, suddenly ascend the birds, to new evolutions as incalculable as the caprices of a kaleidoscope; and the glory of their motions, from the mixed immortalities of beauty and inexhaustible variety becomes at least pathetic to survey. So also, and with such life of variation, do the primary convulsions of nature—such perhaps, as only primary formations in the human system can experience—come round again and again by re-verberating shocks.

The new intercourse with my guardian, and the changes of scene which naturally it led to, were of use in weaning my mind from the mere disease which threatened it in case I had been left any longer to my total solitude. But out of these changes grew an incident which restored my grief, though in a more troubled shape, and now for the first time associated with something like remorse and deadly anxiety. I can safely say that this was my earliest trespass, and perhaps a venial one—all things considered. Nobody ever discovered it; and but for my own frankness it would not be known to this day. But that I could not know; and for years, that is from seven or earlier up to ten, such was my simplicity, that I lived in constant terror. This, though it revived my grief, did me probably great service; because it was no longer a state of languishing desire tending to torpor, but of feverish irritation and gnawing care that kept alive the activity of my understanding. The case was this:—It happened that I had now, and commencing with my first introduction to Latin studies, a large weekly allowance of pocket-money, too large for my age, but safely entrusted to myself, who never spent or desired to spend one fraction of it upon any thing but books. But all proved too little for my colossal schemes. Had the Vatican, the Bodleian, and the *Bibliothèque du Roi* been all emptied into one collection for my private gratification, little progress would have been made towards content in this particular craving. Very soon I had run ahead of my allowance, and was about three guineas deep in debt. There I paused; for deep anxiety now began to oppress me as to the course in which this mysterious (and indeed guilty) current of debt would finally flow. For the present it was frozen up; but I had some reason for thinking that Christmas thawed all debts whatsoever, and set them in motion towards innumerable pockets. Now my debt would be thawed with all the rest; and in what direction would it flow? There was no river that would carry it off to sea; to somebody's pocket it would beyond a doubt make its way; and who was that somebody? This question haunted me for ever. Christmas had come, Christmas had gone, and I heard nothing of the three guineas. But I was not easier for that. Far rather I would have heard of it; for this indefinite approach of a loitering catastrophe gnawed and fretted my feelings. No Grecian audience ever waited with more shuddering horror for the *anagnorisis* of the

i. e. (As on account of English readers is added,) the recognition of his true identity, which in one moment, and by a horrid flash of revelation, connects him with acts incestuous, murderous, parricidal, in the past, and with a mysterious fatality of woe lurking in the future.

Oedipus, than I for the explosion of my debt. Had I been less ignorant, I should have proposed to mortgage my weekly allowance for the debt, or to form a sinking fund for redeeming it; for the weekly sum was nearly five per cent on the entire debt. But I had a mysterious awe of ever alluding to it. This arose from my want of some confidential friend; whilst my grief pointed continually to the remembrance—that so it had not always been. But was not the bookseller to blame in suffering a child scarcely seven years old to contract such a debt? Not in the least. He was both a rich man, who could not possibly care for my trifling custom, and notoriously an honest man. In deed the money which I myself spent every week in books, would reasonably have caused him to presume that so small a sum as three guineas might well be authorized by my family. He stood, however, on plainer ground. For my guardian, who was very indolent (as people chose to call it), that is, like his little melancholy ward, spent all his time in reading, often enough would send me to the bookseller's with a written order for books. This was to prevent my forgetting. But when he found that such a thing as "forgetting" in the case of a book, was wholly out of the question for me, the trouble of writing was dismissed. And thus I had become factor-general on the part of my guardian, both for his books, and for such as were wanted on my own account in the natural course of my education. My private "little account" had therefore flowed homewards at Christmas, not (as I anticipated) in the shape of an independent current, but as a little tributary rill that was lost in the waters of some more important river. This I now know, but could not then have known with any certainty. So far, however, the affair would gradually have sunk out of my anxieties as time wore on. But there was another item in the case, which, from the excess of my ignorance, preyed upon my spirits far more keenly; and this, keeping itself alive, kept also the other incident alive. With respect to the debt, I was not so ignorant as to think it of much danger by the mere amount: my own allowance furnished a scale for preventing that mistake: it was the principle, the having presumed to contract debts on my own account, that I feared to have exposed. But this other case was a ground for anxiety even as regarded the amount; not really; but under the jesting representation made to me, which I (as ever before and after) swallowed in perfect faith. Amongst the books which I had bought, all English, was a history of Great Britain, commencing of course with Brutus and a thousand years of impossibilities; these fables being generously thrown in as a little gratuitous *extra* to the mass of truths which were to follow. This was to be completed in sixty or eighty parts, I believe. But there was another work left more indefinite as to its ultimate extent, and which from its nature seemed to imply a far wider range. It was a general history of navigation, supported by a vast body of voyages. Now, when I considered with myself what a huge thing the sea was, and that so many thousands of captains, commodores, admirals, were eternally running up and down it, and scoring lines upon its face so rankly, that in some of the main "streets" and "squares" (as one might call them) their tracks would blend into one undistinguishable blot,—I began to fear that such a work tended to infinity. What was little England to the universal sea? And yet that went perhaps to four-score parts. Not enduring the uncertainty that now besieged my tranquillity, I resolved to know the worst; and on a day ever memorable to me I went down to the bookseller's. He was a mild elderly man, and to myself had always shown a kind indulgent manner. Partly perhaps he had been struck by my extreme gravity; and partly, during the many conversations I had with him, on occasion of my guardian's orders for books, with my laughable simplicity. But there was another reason which had early won for me his paternal regard. For the first three or four months I had found Latin something of a drudgery; and the incident which for ever knocked away the "shores," at that time preventing my launch upon the general bosom of Latin literature, was this:—One day the bookseller took down a Beza's *Latin Testament*; and, opening it, asked me to translate for him the chapter which he pointed to. I was struck by perceiving that it was the Great chapter of St. Paul on the grave and resurrection. I had never seen a Latin version: yet from the simplicity of the scriptural style in any translation, (though Beza's is far from good,) I could not well have failed in construing. But as it happened to be this particular chapter, which in English I had read again and again with so passionate a sense of its grandeur, I read it off with a fluency and effect like some great opera singer uttering a rapturous *bravura*. My kind old friend expressed himself gratified, making me a present of the book as a mark of his approbation. And it is remarkable, that from this moment, when the deep memory of the English words had forced me into seeing the precise correspondence of the two concurrent streams—Latin and English—never again did any difficulty arise to check the velocity of my progress in this particular language. At less than eleven years of age, when as yet I was a very indifferent Grecian, I had become a brilliant master of Latinity, as my *Alcaics* and *Choriambics* remain to testify: and the whole occasion of a change so memorable to a boy, was this casual summons to translate a composition with which my heart was filled. Ever after this he showed me a caressing kindness, and so condescendingly, that generally he would leave any people for a moment with whom he was engaged, to come and speak to me. On this fatal day, however, for such it proved to me, he could not do this. He saw me, indeed, and nodded, but could not leave a party of elderly strangers. This accident threw me unavoidably upon one of his young people. Now this was a market-day; and there was a press of country people present, whom I did not wish to hear my question. Never did human creature, with his heart palpitating at Delphi for the solution of some killing mystery, stand before the priestess of the oracle, with lips that moved more sadly than mine, when now advancing to a smiling young man at a desk. His answer was to decide, though I could not exactly know that, whether for the next two years I was to have an hour of peace.

He was a handsome, good-natured young man, but full of fun and frolic; and I dare say was amused with what must have seemed to him the absurd anxiety of my features. I described the work to him, and he understood me at once: how many volumes did he think it would extend to? There was a whimsical expression perhaps of drollery about his eyes, but which unhappily, under my preconceptions, I translated into scorn, as he replied,—"How many volumes? Oh! really I can't say, maybe a matter of 15,000, be the same more or less." "More?" I said in horror, altogether neglecting the contingency of "less." "Why," he said, "we can't settle these things to a nicety. But, considering the subject," [ay, that was the very thing which I myself considered.] "I should say, there might be some trifle over, as suppose 400 or 500 volumes, be the same more or less." What, then, here there might be supplements to supplement—the work might positively never end. On one pretence or another, if an author, or publisher might add 500 volumes, he might add another round 15,000. Indeed it strikes me even now, that by the time all the one legged commodores and yellow admirals of that generation had exhausted their long yarns, another generation would have grown another crop of the same gal-

lant spinners. I asked no more, but slunk out of the shop, and never again entered it with cheerfulness, or propounded any frank questions as heretofore. For I was now seriously afraid of pointing attention to myself as one that, by having purchased some numbers, and obtained others on credit, had silently contracted an engagement to take all the rest, though they should stretch to the crack of doom. Certainly I had never heard of a work that extended to 15,000 volumes, but still there was no natural impossibility that it should; and, if in any case, in none so reasonably as one upon the inexhaustible sea. Besides, any slight mistake as to the letter of the number, could not affect the horror of the final prospect. I saw by the imprint, and I heard, that this work emanated from London, a vast centre of mystery to me, and the more so, as a thing unseen at any time by my eyes, and nearly 200 miles distant. I felt the fatal truth, that there was a ghostly cobweb radiating into all the provinces from the mighty metropolis. I secretly had trodden upon the outer circumference, had damaged or deranged the fine threads and links,—concealment or repatriation there could be none. Slowly perhaps, but surely, the vibration would travel back to London. The ancient spider that sat there at the centre, would rush along the net-work through all longitudes and latitudes, until he found the responsible catfish, author of so much mischief. Even, with less ignorance than mine, there was something to appal a child's imagination in the vast systematic machinery by which any elaborate work could disperse itself, could levy money, could put questions and get answers—all in profound silence, nay, even in darkness—searching every nook of every town, and of every hamlet in so populous a kingdom. I had some dim terrors, also, connected with the Stationers' Company. I had often observed them in popular works threatening unknown men with unknown chastisements, for offences equally unknown; nay, to myself, absolutely inconceivable. Could I be the mysterious criminal so long pointed out, as it were, in prophecy? I figured the stationers, doubtless all powerful men, pulling at one rope, and my unhappy self hanging at the other end. But an image, which seems now even more ludicrous than the rest, at that time was the one most connected with the revival of my grief. It occurred to my subtlety, that the Stationers' Company, or any other company, could not possibly demand the money until they had delivered the volumes. And, as no man could say that I had ever positively refused to receive them, they would have no pretence for not accomplishing this delivery in a civil manner. Unless I should turn out to be no customer at all, at present it was clear that I had a right to be considered a most excellent customer; one, in fact, who had given an order for fifteen thousand volumes. Then rose up before me this great opera-house "scena" of the delivery. There would be a ring at the front door. A waggoner in the front, with a bland voice, would ask for "a young gentleman who had given an order to their house." Looking out, I should perceive a procession of carts and waggons, all advancing in measured movements; each in turn would present its rear, deliver its cargo of volumes, by shooting them, like a load of coals, on the lawn, and wheel off to the rear, by way of clearing the road for its successors. Then the impossibility of even asking the servants to cover with sheets, or counterpanes, or table-cloths, such a mountainous, such a "star-y-pointing" record of my past offences lying in so conspicuous a situation! Men would not know my guilt merely, they would see it. But the reason why this form of the consequences, so much more than any other, stuck by my imagination was, that it connected itself with one of the Arabian nights which had particularly interested myself and my sister. It was that tale, where a young porter, having his ropes about his person, had stumbled into the special "preserve" of some old magician. He finds a beautiful lady imprisoned, to whom (and not without prospects of success) he recommends himself as a suitor, more in harmony with her own years than a withered magician. At this crisis the magician returns. The young man bolts, and for that day successfully; but unluckily he leaves his ropes behind. Next morning he hears the magician, too honest by half, enquiring at the front door, with much expression of condolence, for the unfortunate young man who had lost his ropes in his own zenana. Upon this story I used to amuse my sister, by ventriloquizing to the magician from the lips of the trembling young man—"Oh, Mr. Magician, these ropes cannot be mine! They are far too good; and one wouldn't like, you know, to rob some other poor young man. If you please, Mr. Magician, I never had money enough to buy so beautiful a set of ropes." But argument is thrown away upon a magician, and off he sets on his travels with the young porter—not forgetting to take the ropes along with him.

Here now was the case, that had once seemed so impressive to me in a mere fiction from a far-distant age and land, literally reproduced in myself. For what did it matter whether a magician dunned one with old ropes for his engines of torture, or Stationers' Hall with 15,000 volumes, (in the rear of which there might also be ropes!) Should I have ventriloquized, would my sister have laughed, had either of us but guessed the possibility that I myself, and within one twelve months, and, alas! standing alone in the world as regarded confidential counsel, should repeat within my own inner experience the shadowy panic of the young Bagdat intruder upon the privacy of magicians? It appeared, then, that I had been reading a legend concerning myself in the *Arabian Nights*. I had been contemplated in types a thousand years before on the banks of the Tigris. It was horror and grief that prompted that thought.

Oh, heavens! that the misery of a child should by possibility become the laughter of adults!—that even I, the sufferer, should be capable of amusing myself, as if it had been a jest, with what for three years had constituted the secret affliction of my life, and its eternal trepidation—like the ticking of a death-watch to patients lying awake in the plague. I durst ask no counsel; there was no one to ask. Possibly my sister could have given me none in a case which neither of us should have understood, and where to seek for information from others, would have been at once to betray the whole reason for seeking it. But, if no advice, she would have given me her pity, and the expression of her endless love; and, with the relief of sympathy, that heals for a season all distresses, she would have given me that exquisite luxury—the knowledge that, having parted with my secret, yet also I had not parted with it, since it was in the power only of one that could much less betray me than I could betray myself. At this time, that is about the year when I suffered most, I was reading *Cæsar*. Oh, laurelled scholar—sun-bright intellect—"foremost man of all this world"—how often did I make out of thy immortal volume a pillow to support my wearied brow, as at evening, on my homeward road, I used to turn into some silent field, where I might give way unobserved to the reveries which besieged me! I wondered, and found no end of wondering, at the revolution that one short year had made in my happiness. I wondered that such billows could overtake me! At the beginning of that year how radiantly happy! At the end how insupportably alone!

"Into what depth thou seest,

From what height fallen."

For ever I searched the abysses with some wandering thoughts unintelligible

to myself. For ever I dallied with some obscure notion, how my sister's love might be in some dim way available for delivering me from misery; or else how the misery I had suffered and was suffering might be made, in some way equally dim, the ransom for winning back her love.

Here pause, reader! Imagine yourself seated in some cloud scaling swing, oscillating under the impulse of lunatic hands; for the strength of lunacy may belong to human dreams, the fearful caprice of lunacy, and the malice of lunacy, whilst the victim of those dreams may be all the more certainly removed from lunacy; even as a bridge gathers cohesion and strength from the increasing resistance into which it is forced by increasing pressure. Seated in such a swing, fast as you reach the lowest point of depression, may you rely on racing up to a starry altitude of corresponding ascent. Ups and downs you will see, heights and depths, in our fiery course together, such as will sometimes tempt you to look shyly and suspiciously at me, your guide, and the ruler of the oscillations. Here, at the point where I have called a halt, the reader has reached the lowest depth in my nursery afflictions. From that point, according to the principles of art which govern the movement of these Confessions, I had meant to launch him upwards through the whole arch of ascending visions which seemed requisite to balance the sweep downwards, so recently described in his course. But accidents of the press have made it impossible to accomplish this purpose in the present month's journal. There is reason to regret that the advantages of position, which were essential to the full effect of passages planned for equipoise and mutual resistance, have thus been lost. Meantime, upon the principle of the mariner who rigs a jury-mast in default of his regular spars, I find my resource in a sort of "jury" peroration—not sufficient in the way of a balance by its proportions, but sufficient to indicate the quality of the balance which I had contemplated. He who has really read the preceding parts of these present Confessions, will be aware that a stricter scrutiny of the past, such as was natural after the whole economy of the dreaming faculty had been convulsed beyond all precedents on record, led me to the conviction that not one agency, but two agencies, had co-operated to the tremendous result. The nursery experience had been the ally and the natural co-efficient of the opium. For that reason it was that the nursery experience has been narrated. Logically, it bears the very same relation to the convulsion of the dreaming faculty as the opium. The idealizing tendency existed in the dream-theatre of my childhood; but the preternatural strength of its action and colouring was first developed after the confluence of the two causes. The reader must suppose me at Oxford: twelve years and a half are gone by; I am in the glory of youthful happiness; but I have now first tampered with opium; and now first the agitations of my childhood reopened in strength, now first they swept in upon the brain with power and the grandeur of recovered life, under the separate and the concurring inspirations of opium.

Once again, after twelve years' interval, the nursery of my childhood expanded before me—my sister was moaning in bed—I was beginning to be restless with fears not intelligible to myself. Once again the nurse, but now dilated to colossal proportions, stood as upon some Grecian stage with her uplifted hand, and like the superb Medea standing alone with her children in the nursery at Corinth, (Euripides,) smote me senseless to the ground. Again, I was in the chamber with my sister's corpse—again the pumps of life rose up in silence, the glory of summer, the frost of death. Dream formed itself mysteriously within dream; within these Oxford dreams remoulded itself continually the trance in my sister's chamber,—the blue heavens, the everlasting vault, the soaring billows, the throne steeped in the thought (but not the sight) of "Him that sat thereon;" the flight, the pursuit, the irrecoverable steps of my return to earth. Once more the funeral procession gathered; the priest in his white surplice stood waiting with a book in his hand by the side of an open grave, the sacristan with his shovel; the coffin sank; the dust to dust descended. Again I was in the church on a heavenly Sunday morning. The golden sunlight of God slept amongst the heads of his apostles, his martyrs, his saints; the fragment from the litany—the fragment from the clouds—awoke again the lawn beds that went up to scale the heavens—awoke again the shadowy arms that moved downwards to meet them. Once again, arose the swell of the anthem—the burst of the Hallelujah chorus—the storm—the trampling movement of the choral passion—the agitation of my own trembling sympathy—the tumult of the choir—the wrath of the organ. Once more I, that wallowed, became he that rose up to the clouds. And now in Oxford, all was bound up into unity; the first state and the last were melted into each other as in some sunny glorifying haze. For high above my own station, hovered a gleaming host of heavenly beings, surrounding the pillows of the dying children. And such beings sympathize equally with sorrow that grovels and with sorrow that soars. Such beings pity alike the children that are languishing in death, and the children that live only to languish in tears.

TALES OF THE TRAINS.

BY TILBURY TRAMP, QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

THE TUNNEL OF TRUBAU—MR. BLAKE IN BELGIUM.

Gamblers have not more prejudices and superstitions than railroad travellers. All the preferences for the winning places—the lucky pack—the shuffling cut, &c., have their representatives among the prevailing notions of those who "fly by steam."

"I always sit with my back to the engine," cries one.

"I always travel as far from the engine as possible," exclaims another.

"I never trust myself behind the luggage train," adds a third.

"There's nothing like a middle place," whispers a fourth; and so on they go, as if, when a collision does come, and the clanking monster has taken an erratic fit, and eschews the beaten path, that any precautions or preferences availed in the slightest degree, or that it signified a snort of the steam, whether you were flattened into a pancake, or blown up in the shape of a human "soufflé."

I remember once hearing this subject fully discussed in a rail-road carriage, where certainly the individuals seemed amateurs in accidents, every man having some story to relate, or some adventure to recount, of the grievous dangers of "the Rail." I could not help questioning to myself the policy of such revelations, so long as we journeyed within the range of similar calamities; but, somehow, self-tormenting is a very human practice, and we all indulged in it to the utmost. The narratives themselves had their chief interest from some peculiarity in the mode of telling, or in the look and manner of the recounter; all save one, which really had features of horror all its own, and which were considerably heightened by the simple but powerful style of him who told it. I feel how totally incapable I am of conveying even a most distant imitation of his manner; but the story, albeit neither complicated nor involved, I must repeat, were it only as a reminiscence of a most agreeable fellow-traveller Count Henri de Beulwitz, the Saxon envoy at Vienna.

THE TUNNEL OF TRUBAU.

"I was," says the count—for so far I must imitate him, and speak in the first person—"I was appointed special envoy to the Austrian court about a year and a half since, under circumstances which required the utmost despatch, and was obliged to set out the very day after receiving my appointment. The new line of railroad from Dresden to Vienna was only in progress, but a little below Prague the line was open, and by travelling thither 'en poste,' I should reach the Austrian capital without loss of time. This I resolved on; and by the forenoon of the day after, arrived at Trubau, where I placed my carriage on a truck, and comfortably composed myself to rest, under the impression that I need never stir till within the walls of Vienna.

"The perpetual bang! bang! of the piston has, in its reiterated stroke, something diabolically terrible. It beats upon the heart with an impression irresistibly solemn! I remember how in my dreams the accessories of the train kept flitting round me, and I thought the measured sounds were the clinkings of some infernal clock, which meted out time to legions of devils. I fancied them capering to and fro amid flame and smoke, with shrieks, screams and wild gestures. My brain grew hot with excitement. I essayed to awake, but the very racking of the train steeped my faculties in a lethargy. At last by a tremendous effort, I cried out aloud, and the words broke the spell, and I awoke—dare I call it awaking? I rubbed my eyes, pinched my arms, stamped with my feet; alas! it was too true!—the reality announced itself to my senses. I was there, seated in my carriage, amid a darkness blacker than the blackest night. A low rumbling sound, as of far-distant thunder, had succeeded to the louder bang of the engine. A dreadful suspicion flashed on me—it grew stronger with each second; and, ere a minute more I saw what had happened. The truck on which my carriage was placed, had by some accident become detached from the train; and while the other portion of the train proceeded on its way, there was I, alone, deserted, and forgotten, in the dark tunnel of Trubau—for such I at once guessed must be the dreary vault, unilluminated by one ray of light, or the glimmering of a single lamp. Convictions, when the work of instinct rather than reflection, have a stunning effect, that seems to arrest all thought, and produce a very stagnation of the faculties. Mine were in this state. As when, in the shock of battle, some terrible explosion, dealing death to thousands at once, will appal the contending hosts, and make men aghast with horror, so did my ideas become fixed and rooted to one horrible object; and for some time I could neither think of the event nor calculate on its consequences. Happy for me if the stupefaction continued! No sooner, however, had my presence of mind returned, than I began to anticipate every possible fatality that might occur. Death I knew it must be, and what a death!—to be run down by the train for Prague, or smashed by the advancing one from Olmutz. How near my fate might be, I could not guess. I neither knew how long it was since I entered the tunnel, nor at what hours the other trains started. They might be far distant, or they might be near at hand. Near!—what was space when such terrible power existed!—a league was the work of minutes—at that very moment the furious engine might be rushing on! I thought of the stoker stirring the red fire. I fancied I saw the smoke roll forth, thicker and blacker, as the heat increased, and through my ears went the thugging bang! of the piston, or quick and quicker; and I screamed aloud in my agony, and called out to them to stop! I must have swooned, for when consciousness again came to me, I was still amid the silence and darkness of the tunnel. I listened, and oh! with what terrible intensity the human ear can strain its powers when the sounds awaited are to announce life or death! The criminal in the dock, whose eyes are riveted in a glozy firmness on him who shall speak his doom, drinks in the words ere they are well uttered—each syllable falls upon his heart as fatal to hope, as is the headsman's axe to life. The accents are not human sounds; it is the trumpet of eternity that fills his ears, and rings within his brain—the loud blast of the summoning angel calling him to judgment.

"Terrible as the thunder of coming destruction is, there is yet a sense more fearfully appalling in the unbroken silence of the tomb—the stillness of death without its lethargy! Dreadful moment!—what fearful images it can call up!—what pictures it can present before the mind!—how fearfully reality may be blended with the fitful forms of fancy, and fact be associated even with the impossible!

"I tried to persuade myself that the bounds of life were already past, and that no dreadful interval of torture was yet before me; but this consolation, miserable though it was, yielded as I touched the side of the carriage, and felt the objects I so well knew. No; it was evident the dreaded moment was yet to come—the shocking ordeal was still to be passed; and before I should sink into the sleep that knows not waking, there must be endured the torture of a death-struggle, or, mayhap, the lingering agony of protracted suffering.

"As if in a terrible compensation for the shortness of my time on earth, minutes were dragged out to the space of years—amid the terrors of the present, I thought of the past and the future. The past, with its varied fortune of good and ill, of joy and sorrow—how did I review it now! With what scrutiny did I pry into my actions, and call upon myself to appear at the bar of my conscience! Had my present mission to Vienna contained any thing Machiavellic in its nature, I should have trembled with the superstitious terror, that my misfortune was a judgment of heaven. But no. It was a mere commonplace negotiation, of which time was the only requisite. Even this, poor as it was, had some consolation in it—I should, at least, meet death, without the horror of its being a punishment.

"I had often shuddered at the fearful narratives of people buried alive in a trance, or walled up within the cell of a convent. How willingly would I now have grasped at such an alternative! Such a fate would steal over without the terrible moment of actual suffering—the crash and the death-struggle! I fancied a thousand alleviating circumstances in the dreary lethargy of gradual dissolution. Then came the thought—and how strange that such a thought should obtrude at such a time—what will be said of me hereafter!—how will the newspapers relate the occurrence? Will they speculate on the agony of my anticipated doom?—will they expatiate on all that I am now actually enduring? What will the passengers in the train say, when the collision shall have taken place? Will there be enough of me left to make investigation easy? How poor G—will regret me! and I am sure he will never be seen in public till he has invented a 'bon mot' on my destiny.

"Again, I recurred to the idea of culpability, and asked myself whether there might not be some contravention of the intentions of Providence by this newly-invented power of steam, which thus involved me in a fate so dreadful! What right had man to arrogate to himself a prerogative of motion his own physical powers denied him!—and why did he dare to penetrate into the very bowels of the earth, when his instinct clearly pointed to avocations on the sur-

face? These reflections were speedily routed; for now, a low, rumbling sound, such as I have heard described as the premonitory sign of a coming earthquake, filled the tunnel. It grew louder and louder; and whether it were the sudden change from the dread stillness, or that, in reality, it were so, it sounded like the booming of the sea within some gigantic cavern. I listened anxiously, and oh, terrible thought! now I could hear the heavy thug! thug! of the piston. It was a train!

"A train coming towards me! Every sob of the straining engine sent a death-pang through me: the wild roar of a lion could not convey more terror to my heart! I thought of leaving the carriage, and clinging to the side of the tunnel; but there was only one line of rails, and the space barely permitted the train to pass! It was now too late for any effort; the thundering clamour of the engine swelled like the report of heavy artillery, and then, a red hazy light gleamed amid the darkness, as though an eye of fire was looking into my very soul. It grew into a ghastly brightness, and I thought its flame could almost scorch me. It came nearer and nearer. The dark figures of the drivers passed and repassed behind it. I screamed and yelled in my agony, and in a frenzy of the moment drew a pistol from my pocket, and fired—why, or in what direction, I know not. A shrill scream shot through the gloom. Was it a death-cry? I could not tell, for I had fainted.

"The remainder is easily told. The train had, on discovering my being left behind, sent back an engine to fetch me; but from a mistake of the driver, who was given to suppose that I had not entered the tunnel, he had kept the engine at half speed, and without the happy accident of the pistol and the flash of the powder, I should inevitably have been run down; for, even as it was, the collision drove my carriage about fifty yards backwards, an incident of which, happily, I neither was conscious of at the time, nor suffered from afterwards.

"That comes of travelling on a foreign railroad!" muttered a ruddy faced old gentleman in drab shorts. "Those fellows have no more notion of how to manage an engine—"

"Than the pope has of the Polka," chined in a very Irish accent from the corner of the carriage.

"Very true, sir," rejoined the former. "English is the only language to speak to the boiler. The moment they try it on with French or German, something goes wrong. You saw how they roasted the people at Versailles, and—"

"Ah! The devil a bit they know about it at all," interposed the Emeraldier. "The water is never more than lukewarm, and there's more smoke out of the chap's pipe that stands in front, than out of the funnel. They've generally an engine at each end, and it takes twenty minutes at every station to decide which way they'll go—one wanting this way, and the other that."

"Is it not better in Belgium?" asked I.

"Belgium, is it?—bad luck to it for Belgium: I ought to know something of how they manage. There isn't a word of truth among them. Were you ever at Antwerp?"

"Yes: I have passed through it several times."

"Well, how long does it take to go from Antwerp to Brussels?"

"Something more than an hour, if I remember aright."

"Something more!—on my conscience, I think it does. See now, it's four days and a half travelling the same journey."

A burst of laughter irrepressible met this speech, for scarcely any one of the party had not had personal experience of the short distance alluded to.

"You may laugh as much as you please—you're welcome to your fun; but I went the road myself, and I'd like to see which of you would say I didn't."

There was no mistaking the tone nor the intention of the speech; it was said without any elevation of voice or any bravado of manner, but with the quiet, easy, determination of a man who only asked reasonable grounds for an opportunity to blow some other gentleman's brains out. Some disclaimed all idea of a contradiction, others apologized for the mirth at the great disparity of the two statements—one alleging an hour for what another said four days were required: while I, anxious to learn the Irishman's explanation, timidly hinted a desire to hear more of his travelling experiences.

He acceded to my wish with as much readiness as he would probably have done had I made overtures of battle, and narrated the following short incident, which for memory's sake I have called

"MR. BLAKE IN BELGIUM."

"I was persuaded," quoth Mr. Blake, "I was persuaded by my wife that we ought to go and live abroad for economy—that there would be no end to the saving we'd make by leaving our house in Galway, and taking up our residence in France or Belgium. First, we'd let the place for at least six hundred a year—the garden and orchard we set down for one hundred; then we'd send away all the lazy 'old hangers on,' as my wife called them, such as the gatekeepers and gardeners, and stable boys. These, her sister, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, told her, were 'eating us up' entirely, and her sister was a clever one too—a widow woman that had lived in every part of the globe, and knew all the scandal of every capital in Europe, on less than four hundred a year. She told my wife that Ireland was the lowest place at all; nobody would think of bringing up their family there; no education, no manners, and worst of all, no men that could afford to marry. This was a home stroke, for we had five grown up girls.

"My dear," said she, 'you'll live like the Duchess of Sutherland abroad for eight hundred a year; you'll have a beautiful house, see company, keep your carriage and saddle horses, and drink champagne every day of the week, like small beer; then, velvets and lace are to be had for a song; the housemaids wear nothing but silk; in fact, from my wife down to little Joe, that heard sugar candy was only a penny an ounce, we were all persuaded there was nothing like going abroad for economy.

"These were flattering visions, while for me the trap was baited with port duty free, and strong Burgundy at one and sixpence a bottle. My son Tom was taught to expect cigars at two pence a dozen; and my second daughter, Mary, was told, that, with the least instruction, her Irish jig could be converted into a Polka. In fact, it was clear we had only to go abroad to save two-thirds of our income, and become the most accomplished people into the bargain.

"From the hour this notion was mooted amongst us, Ireland became detestable. The very pleasures and pastimes we once liked, grew distasteful; even the society of our friends came associated with ideas of vulgarity that deprived it of all enjoyment.

We advertised 'Castle Blake' to be let, and the farming stock to be sold. The latter wasn't difficult. My neighbours bought up every thing at short bills, to be renewed whenever they became due. As for the house, it wasn't

so easy to find a tenant. So I put in the herd to take care of it, and gave him the garden for his pains. I turned in my cattle over the lawn, which, after eating the grass, took to nibbling the young trees and barking the older ones. This was not a very successful commencement of economy; but Mrs. Fitz always said—

"What matter, you'll save more than double the amount the first year you are abroad."

To carry out their economical views, it was determined that Brussels, and not Paris, should be our residence for the first year; and thither my wife, and two sons, and five daughters, repaired, under the special guidance of Mrs. Fitz, who undertook the whole management of our affairs, domestic and social. I was left behind to arrange certain money matters, and about the payment of interest, on some mortgages, which I consoled myself by thinking that a few years of foreign economy would enable me to pay off in full.

"It was nearly six months after their departure from Ireland that I prepared to follow, not in such good spirits. I confess, as I once hoped would be my companions on the journey. The cheapness of continental life requires, it would appear, considerable outlay at the first, probably on the principle that a pastry cook's apprentice is always surfeited with tarts during the first week; so that he never gets any taste for sweetmeats afterwards. This might account for my wife having drawn about twelve hundred pounds in that short time, and always accompanying every fresh demand for money with an eloquent panegyric on her own economy. To believe her, never was there a household so admirably managed. The housemaid could dress hair; the butler could drive the carriage; the writing master taught music; the dancing-master gave my eldest daughter a lesson in French without any extra charge. Every thing that was expensive, was the cheapest in the end. Genoa velvet lasted for ever; real Brussels lace never wore out; it was only 'the mock things' that were costly. It was frightful to think how many families were brought to ruin by cheap articles!

"I suppose it's all right," said I to myself; 'and so far as I am concerned, I'll not beggar my family by taking to cheap wines. If they have any Burgundy that goes so high as one and eightpence, I will drink two bottles every day.'

"Well, sir, at last came the time that I was to set out to join them; and I sailed from London in the Princess Victoria, with my passport in one pocket, and a written code of directions in the other, for of French I knew not one syllable. It was not that my knowledge was imperfect or doubtful; but I was as ignorant of the language as though it was a dead one.

"The place should be cheap, thought I, for certainly it has no charms of scenery to recommend it, as we slowly wended our way up the sluggish Scheldt, and looked with some astonishment at the land the Dutchmen thought worth fighting for. Arrived at Antwerp, I went through the ordeal of having my trunks ransacked, and my passport examined by some war-like looking characters, with swords on. They said many things to me; but I made no reply, seeing that we were little likely to benefit by each other's conversation; and at last, when all my formalities were accomplished, I followed a concourse of people who, I rightly supposed, were on their way to the railroad.

"It is a plaguy kind of thing enough, even for a taciturn man, not to speak the language of those about him; however, I made myself tolerably well understood at this station, by pulling out a handful of silver coin, and repeating the word Brussels, with every variety of accent I could think of. They guessed my intentions, and in acknowledgment of my inability to speak one word of French, pulled and shoved me along till I reached one of the carriages. At last a horn blew, another replied to it, a confused uproar of shouting succeeded, like what occurs on board a merchant ship when getting under weigh, and off jogged the train, at a very honest eight mile an hour; but with such a bumping, shaking, shivering, and rickety motion, it was more like travelling over a cobbler's road than any thing else. I don't know what class of carriage I was in, but the passengers were all white-faced, smoky looking fellows, with very soiled shirts and dirty hands; with them, of course, I had no manner of intercourse. I was just thinking whether I shouldn't take a nap, when the train came to a dead stop, and immediately after, the whole platform was covered with queer looking fellows in shovelled hats, and long petticoats like women. These gentry kept bowing and saluting each other in a very droll fashion, and absorbed my attention, when my arm was pulled by one of the guards of the line, while he said something to me in French; what he wanted, the devil himself may know, but the more I protested that I couldn't speak, the louder he replied, and the more frantically he gesticulated, pointing while he did so to a train about to start hard by.

"Oh! that's it," said I to myself, 'we change coaches here; and so I immediately got out, and made the best of my way over to the other train. I had scarcely time to spare, for away it went at about the same lively pace as the last one. After travelling about an hour and a half more, I began to look out for Brussels, and looking at my code of instructions, I suspected I could not be far off; nor was I much mistaken as to our being nigh a station, for the speed was diminished to a slow trot, and then a walk, after a mile of which we crept up to the outside of a large town. There was no time to lose in asking questions, so I seized my carpet bag, and jumped out, and, resisting all the offers of the idle vagabonds to carry my luggage, I forced my way through the crowd, and set out in search of my family. I soon got into an intricate web of narrow streets, with shops full of wooden shoes, pipes, and blankets of all the colours of the rainbow; and after walking for about three quarters of an hour, began to doubt whether I was not traversing the same identical streets—or was it that they were only brothers? 'Where's the Boulevard?' thought I. 'this beautiful place they have been telling me of, with houses on one side, and trees on the other; I can see nothing like it; and so I sat down on my carpet bag, and began to ruminate on my situation.

"Well, this will never do," said I, at last; 'I must try and ask for the Boulevard de Regent.' I suppose it was my bad accent amused them, for every fellow I stopped, put on a broad grin; some pointed this way and some pointed that, but they all thought it a high joke. I spent an hour in this fashion, and then gave up the pursuit. My next thought was the hotel where my family had stopped on their arrival, which I found, on examining my notes, was called 'The Hotel de Suède.' Here I was more lucky—every one knew that; and, after traversing a couple of streets, I found myself at the door of a great roomy inn, with a door like a coach-house gate. 'There is no doubt about this,' said I; for the words 'Hotel de Suède' were written up in big letters. I made signs for something to eat, for I was starving; but before my pantomime was well begun, the whole household set off in search of a waiter who could speak English.

"Ha! ha!" said a fellow with an impudent leer, 'ros bif, eh!'

"I did not know whether it was meat for me, or the bill of fare; but I said 'Yes, and potatoes;' but before I let him go in search of the dinner I

thought I would ask him a few words about my family, who had stopped at the hotel for three weeks.

"Do you know Mrs. Blake," said I, "of Castle Blake?"

"Yees, yees, I know her very vell."

"She was here about six months ago."

"Yees, yees; she was here six months."

"No; not for six months—three weeks."

"Yees; all de same."

"Did you see her lately?"

"Yees, dis mornin'."

"This morning! was she here this morning?"

"Yees; she come here with a captain of Cuirassiers—ah! droll fellow dat!"

"That's a lie anyhow," said I, "my young gentleman; and with that I planted my fist between his eyes, and laid him flat on the floor. Upon my conscience you would have thought it was murder I had done; never was there such yelling, and screaming, and calling for the police, and heaven knows what besides; and sure enough, they marched me off between a file of soldiers to a place like a guard-room, where, whatever the fellow swore against me, it cost me a five pound note before I got free."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, young man, about Mrs. Blake, anyway; for by the 'hill of Maam,' if I hear a word about the Cuirassier, I'll not leave a whole bone in your skin."

"Well, sir, I got a roast chicken, and a dish of water-cress, and I got into a bed about four feet six long, and what between the fleas and the nightmare, I hadn't a pleasant time of it till morning."

"After breakfast I opened my map of Brussels, and sending for the land lord, bid him point with his finger to the place I was in. He soon understood my meaning; but, taking me by the arm, he led me to the wall, on which was a large map of Belgium, and then, my jewel! what do you think I discovered? It was not in Brussels I was at all, but in Louvain! seventeen miles on the other side of it! Well, there was nothing for it now but to go back, so I paid my bill, and set off down to the station. In half an hour the train came up, and when they asked me where I was going, I repeated the word Brussels several times over. This did not seem to satisfy them; and they said some thing about my being an Englishman."

"Yes, yes," said I, "Angleterre, Angleterre."

"Ah, Angleterre!" said one, who looked shrewder than the rest, and as if at once comprehending my intentions, he assisted me into a carriage, and politely taking off his hat, made me a salute at parting, adding something about 'voyage.' 'Well he'll be a cunning fellow that sees me leave the train till it comes to its destination,' said I; 'I'll not be shoved out by any confounded guard, as I was yesterday.' My resolution was not taken in vain, for just at the very place I got out, on the day before, a fellow came, and began making signs to me to change to another train."

"I'll tell you what," says I, laying hold of my cotton umbrella at the same moment, 'I'll make a Belgium of you, if you will not let me alone. Out of this place I'll not budge for King Leopold himself.'

"And though he looked very savage for a few minutes, the way I handled my weapon satisfied him that I was not joking, and he gave it up as a bad job, and left me at peace. The other passengers said something, I suppose in explanation."

"Yes," said I, "I'm an Englishman, or an Irishman—it's all one—Angleterre."

"Ah, Angleterre!" said three or four in a breath, and the words seemed to act like a charm upon them, for whatever I did seemed all fair and reasonable now. I kept a sharp look-out for Brussels, but hour after hour slipped past, and though we passed several large towns, there was no sign of it. After six hours' travelling, an old gentleman pulled out his watch, and made signs to me that we should be in, in less than ten minutes more; and so we were, and a droll-looking place it was—a town built in a hole, with clay ditches all round it, to keep out the sea."

"My wife never said a word about this," said I; "she used to say 'Castle Blake' was damp, but this place beats it hollow. Where's the Boulevards?" said I.

And a fellow pointed to the sod bank where a sentry was on guard.

"If it's a joke you're making of me," said I, "you mistake your man;" and I aimed a blow at him with my umbrella that sent him running down the street as fast as his wooden slippers would let him.

"It ought to be cheap here, anyhow," said I. Faith, I think a body ought to be paid for living in it; but how will I find out the family?"

"I was two hours walking through this cursed hole, always coming back to a big square, with a fish market, no matter which way I turned; for devil a one could tell me a word about Mrs. Blake or Mrs. Fitz, either."

"Is there an hotel?" said I, and the moment I said the word, a dozen fellows were dragging me here and there, till I had to leave two or three of them sprawling with my umbrella, and give myself up to the guidance of one of the number. Well, the end of it was—if I passed the last night at Louvain, the present I was destined to spend at Ostend!

"I left this mud town by the early train, next morning; and having altered my tactics, determined now to be guided by any one who would take the trouble to direct me—neither resisting nor opposing. To be brief, for my story has grown too lengthy, I changed carriages four times, at each place there being a row among the bystanders which party should decide my destination; the excitement once running so high, that I lost one skirt of my coat, and had my cravat pulled off; and the end of this was, that I arrived, at four in the afternoon, at Liege, sixty odd miles beyond Brussels! for, somehow, these intelligent people have contrived to make their rail roads all converge to one small town called 'Malines'; so that you may—as was my case—pass within twelve miles of Brussels every day, and yet never set eyes on it."

"I was now so fatigued by travelling, so wearied by anxiety and fever, that I kept my bed the whole of the following day, dreaming, whenever I did sleep, of everlasting rail-roads, and starting out of my slumbers to wonder if I should ever see my family again. I set out once more, and for the last time—my mind being made up, that if I failed now, I'd take up my abode wherever chance might drop me, and write to my wife to come and look for me. The bright thought flashed on me, as I watched the man in the baggage-office, labelling the baggage, and, seizing one of the grummed labels, marked 'Bruxelles,' I took off my coat, and stuck it between the shoulders. This done, I resumed my garment, and took my place."

"The plan succeeded, the only inconvenience I sustained being the necessity I was under of showing my way-bill, whenever they questioned me, and making a pirouette to the company, a performance that kept the passengers in broad grins for the whole day's journey. So you see, gentlemen, they may

talk as they please about the line from Antwerp to Brussels, and the time being only one hour fifteen minutes; but take my word for it, that even—if you don't take a day's rest—it's a good three days and a half, and costs eighty five francs, and some coppers besides."

"The economy of the Continent, then, did not fulfill your expectations?"

"Economy is it?" echoed Mr. Blake, with a groan; "for the matter of that, my dear, it was like my own journey—a mighty round-about way of gaining your object," and—here he sighed heavily—"nothing to boast of, when you got it."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

My first meeting with Campbell was accidental. It was at one of the Polish balls at Guildhall, given annually in the decline of the year, when the Irish tail have emigrated to Boulogne—when English members of parliament have paid their bills, and city silk mercers are piteous with the extortions of the season; and I had gone more in compliance with the wish of a literary friend, who had rendered himself not a little distinguished by his advocacy of the cause, than from any ardent wish to be present at what I was half inclined to think an absurd mummery of unsentimental burghers on the one side and expatriated rascals on the other. My enthusiasm for the Poles had been always strong though a little softened down by the specimens one sees of them in London; and I detested their imperial tyrant, but still I had little sympathy for those annual gatherings of shopkeeping fashionables and mountebank patrons of a brave nation—for the benevolence and biscuits, the humanity and coffee-swilling exquisitely blended, which Lord Dudley Stuart believes to be the perfection of philanthropy. In the course of much multifarious scribble, I had written a very youthful diatribe against Nicholas, which had given pleasure to some of the friends of Poland, and as the committee seem to be in the condition of drowning men, who catch eagerly at straws, so the veriest nonsense gives them much contentment, provided it contains a thrust at the northern bear, and a puff about their immortal demigod, Kosciusko. So many compliments had been paid to me on the excellence of my composition, that I thought myself in courtesy bound to go, and go I did, though not without many an innate shudder at the approaching meeting with the tallow chandlers and pork sellers, and the greasy-fisted Clarindas of the city."

I had not been many minutes in the room, when there suddenly came up to the spot in which I and my friend stood, a small thin man, with a remarkably cunning and withered face, eyes cold and glassy, like those of a dead haddock, a brown wig neatly fitted on, a blue coat, not of the newest, with brass or gilt buttons, and a buff waistcoat. He had no gloves, and his hands were coarse and wrinkled. His eyebrows were thick and slightly grey, and though the lines of the face denoted an inner man of much sagacity and shrewdness, their outward expression was the most vacant and unmeaning in the world; and it was painful to look and think how heartbroken must be the spirit that animated so cold and cynical a countenance. The wan light of the features was to the purple fire of youth and heartiness what the dull, and misty exhalations of the fens are to the enchanting lustre of the stars. There was something remarkably mean and vulgar in his face; the lips were thin and reverse of juicy or joyous; but the brow was good though not high, or indicative of great mental power; and he came into the room with more of a smirk than became a person of his years, and with an evident contempt for the company which he was about to join. He singled out my friend immediately, apparently glad to find a gentleman present, approached and accosted him; and when the first greetings were over, the former electrified me by introducing me as "a distinguished friend of Poland," to Mr. Thomas Campbell."

I was quite unprepared for this. I had never seen Campbell before, and Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture, on which I had often gazed with delight, had given me the idea of a noble and eminently handsome looking man—one of the gallant cavalier minstrels of old, who were equally beloved by the muses and the ladies; and wonderful indeed was the contrast between this imaginary portrait and the miserable dwarf who stood beside me, and in whose brow I recognized the stiffness of some humble Scotch dominie, rather than the fine courtesy of a great English poet who had moved in the highest circles, and in the highest had been a luminary. I was so astonished indeed that I could scarcely mumble out an ordinary expression of satisfaction at the introduction, and we three stood for almost a minute in as awkward a posture as possible."

We first talked about the company. Campbell looked about, and gave that cynical smile which I have so often seen playing over his countenance. "Patrons of Polish bravery and gallantry," said he, with a curl of the lip. "They come here from their counters and shopboards to gratify their own vanity, and not to assist the brave men of Warsaw. In an hour you will overhear in every circle where two or three young and old women are met—'Did you see the lord?' 'I danced with Lord Stuart.' 'Look at that impudent thing, Miss Jones, how she is staring at cousin Mary waltzing with the lord.' In a word, all their talk will be about a lord, and in particular the lord who gets up this ball. If there were not a live lord at the bottom of this gathering, the gathering would never grow to its present size. Englishmen love two things more than any people in the world—a lord and a bully; and they will truckle to both in proportion as they are lorded over and bullied." He then said to me, "have you ever been here before?" I said "no," and added that my opinions of the company were nearly in accordance with his own. "The hall is a fine one," he replied. "We shall have a concert to-night—plenty of Italian singing." This was said with an inimitable sneer. I asked him whether he did not like Italian music. "Just as much," he replied, "as I like Italian poetry—a sweetmeat thing of sugar and trash, pleasant to taste, but no one ever enjoyed a meal of it." I ventured to name Dante Alighieri. "He was a man," said Campbell; "but you will be surprised to hear that I never read a line of the *Divina Commedia*. I am too indolent. It is a school-boy task, and I would as soon think of sitting down to Nonnus or Aristotle, as to Dante. To understand the latter, would require more labour than the pleasure would be worth. His grand thoughts may be golden apples of song, but they must be got by vanquishing a dragon. I have often flitted about Dante, and stolen a glimpse of his treasures, but nothing more. I like the man's life, and I think his poetry a picture of a stern, hard headed minstrel's thick-coming fancies. Some of the finest lines Lord Byron ever wrote, are contained in the Prophecy of Dante."

"'Tis the doom

Of spirits of my order to be rack'd

In life; to wear their hearts out, and consume

Their days in endless strife, and die alone:

Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,

And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him, who now is but a name;
And wasing homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his, by him unheard, unheeded fame."

"Byron wrote these with a bottle of gin under his vest," I asked him whether he had not ever looked into the translation of Dante, by the Rev. Mr. Cary. He answered with scorn—"Cary was a good-for-nothing beef-devouring parson who could not appreciate Dante. I would rather break stones than read his horrible halting verses. For a man who cares for poetry, Dante is worth learning Italian for—better worth the toil of acquiring a new language, than that most lugubrious and dull jester, Cervantes, to read whom in the original, poor old Lord Camden devoted his dotage. I have not read a book these twenty years, nor had the heart to read it." I asked him did he not think there was a resemblance between Byron and Dante, and might not that account for the superior spirit of the former's song, whenever the illustrious minstrel of Florence was mentioned? He answered, "there was a slight resemblance—a very, very slight resemblance. Dante was in heart and soul a gentleman; Byron was in heart and soul a blackguard, immensely vain, vulgar, bullying, ignorant, and mendacious. Even in the affair of their wives, see how differently the two men behaved. Dante had the misfortune to be wedded to one of the vilest shrews in Italy. She led him a dog's life—a life of the most odious domestic tyranny; she was a firebrand, a fury, a breathing Alecio. Yet Dante never once alludes to the matter, and his works are as silent about her as if she had never existed." "Nay," cried I, "don't you remember the line in the *Inferno*, canto xvi. in which one of the damned souls, Jacopo Rusticci, says—

"La fiera moglie, plu ch' altro, mi mioce.

More than aught else my furious wife annoys me."

This has been generally supposed to allude to Dante's own wife. "I never," replied Campbell, "heard the remark made, and I never heard of the line before, and I believe Dante to have been to fine a gentleman to allude to it. He would never have done so mean a thing, nor would he have descended still lower, and written a satire upon a chambermaid—the unfortunate Mrs. Charlment. Byron, who did this, reviled his wife in a hundred different ways—in squibs, in the papers, epigrams here and there, and finally in the *Donna Inez* of Don Juan. All his songs about his domestic sorrows were mere humbug; he wanted to impose on the public and get them on his side: had he done so, he would have shown the demon within him. If ever a man was inspired by diabolism, it was Lord Byron. Madame de Staël said of him, '*C'est un démon*,' and she knew him well. Every thing, they say, has two handles; Lord Byron always laid hold of the worst. I will tell you a story illustrative of this. Once at Lord Holland's, where Mackintosh, Horner, Lord Gower, and many others were present, I happened to stand for some time in one of the saloons with Lord Byron. He had got a letter from Madame de Staël a few days before, in which the baroness had been fantastically complimentary on a note to the *Bride of Abydos*, highly laudatory to herself, and interest. Lord Byron brought this note in his pocket, and had the miserable bad taste to show it about to the company, and to extol Corinne above all Greek and Roman fame. I was rather disgusted, and as I was sure his lordship had never read a line of the novel, I gave him a character of it, by no means eulogistic, but true. Lord Byron seemed to think it envy or pique, or I know not what, for he said—"Mr. Campbell, you would not say so if you had got a note of this kind," holding it up. "Don't you think flattery a delightful incense?" Soon after, Lord Holland brought into the room a censor filled with some composition of the same kind as that used in the Roman Catholic service, and seeing us, he said, 'here, I have brought you some incense.' 'Carry it to Lord Byron,' said I; 'he is used to it.' He was dreadfully annoyed. He assumed one of his terrible scowls, and did not resume his good temper the rest of the night; nor did he speak to me for a long while after. Dante had none of this small, paltry moodiness; yet there was, as you say, a kind of resemblance. Dante was in love with Beatrice, the object of a hopeless passion; Byron loved or pretended to love (for in truth he loved nothing but himself), Miss Chaworth, afterwards Mrs. Musters, who died—as a poet's mistress should die (this was said with a bitter sneer)—in a mad-house. Both were unfortunate in marriage; both were kicked out of their native places, politics having had as much to do with the expulsion of Dante, as libels on the Prince Regent, and their subsequent reaction through the press, had to do with the exile of Lord Byron; both were fond of military glory, but Dante fought in the field, hand to hand and foot to foot, giving and getting many a hard knock; Byron, like a carpet-warrior, hid himself in a barrack at Missolonghi, and never fired a shot or brandished a sword in anger in his life. Both were men of unrestrained passions, and banished to hell or purgatory such individuals as annoyed them; the first committing his persecutors to the eternal flames of hell; the last manacled down poor Doctor Southey, in his notorious and abominable *Vision of Judgment*.

All this was delivered slowly and gravely, without the least animation or life. All the words were perfectly studied, and every sentiment seemed well weighed before delivery. The information conveyed was slight, but it nevertheless aroused curiosity, and attracted attention to hear Campbell speak thus of his great cotemporary. I subsequently found that this was not his habit—that it was not until certain magical causes intervened that his tongue let out any of the treasures of his brain. He was, perhaps, the most icy-hearted man that ever lived, wrapping himself up in selfishness as in a robe which he rarely laid aside, thoroughly indifferent to the opinion of this person or to the comfort of that, or to any earthly thing but his own beloved ease. So early as 1806, only four years after his arrival in London, a pension of £184 a year, out of the Scotch excise, was conferred upon him at the instance it is said, of Fox, who did not, however, live to carry his wishes into effect. His successors, who wanted to enrol a rhymist in their pay, fulfilled the secretary's intentions, and for thirty-eight years the poet drew his annuity with a precision worthy of a retired statesman. To one of Campbell's few wants, this was a perfect competence, and it rendered him always independent of booksellers. He dined home perhaps less than any man in London, for to the last his company was courted by the highest and noblest in the land. He was like a grand temple old and ruined, but some breathings of the divinity still lingered round it, and rendered it sacred in men's eyes.

During the whole of our conversation I took the most accurate notice of the poet. My first impressions were strengthened on further examinations. I do not think that he possessed much original genius, but he had been a hard worker, and he polished to the utmost perfection the scanty droppings of golden ore which brightened the stream of his intellect. Years before his death it had been completely exhausted, and he was but the "shade of a hero who had been." He spoke mechanically, more because he was expected to say something, than from any apparent pleasure in delivering his opinion. He some-

times indulged in a grim smile, but a hearty burst of laughter, I am persuaded, never crossed his countenance. It was not made indeed for a laughing animal, for the extreme thinness of the lips rendered it unpleasant to look at. It was for this reason that Sir Francis Chantrey, whom money could almost induce to do any thing, absolutely refused to pourtray Campbell's face in marble. In vain did Holland and various other lords and ladies importune the sculptor—in vain were the most tempting offers made to him. Chantrey obstinately refused to model the poet, and posterity will be ignorant for ever of the real appearance of Campbell, except from MacIise's picture and this typographical sketch. MacIise has, however, scarcely done justice to the consummate meanness and cunning of the features. In *Fraser's Magazine* there is an etching of Campbell—a good resemblance, but too noble in the formation of the head. The bard is represented in the last stage of ebriety. "That infernal vagabond, Chantrey," said Campbell, "would have parted with his own soul for money, but he would not carve my bust. He thought the latter more precious than the first."

The inundation of company separated us for some time, and when we again met it was in a private room to which my friend had the privilege of *entrée*, and where champagne was flowing about in delightful abundance. Campbell stood in a corner with a flask, not of champagne, but of potent brandy by his side, and of this he had evidently made many deep potations, I never saw a man who appeared to enjoy his drink with more intense satisfaction than Campbell; he drained glass after glass slowly and solemnly as if he loved to prolong the pleasure of swallowing it, and reminded me of that famous epicure who wished his throat were as long as a crane's for the purpose of greater gratification at his meals. Yet did not the spirit of brandy infuse any lustre into the careworn countenance before me. It had a contrary effect, making it more stupid than before—giving to the eye the wandering imbecile expression so painful to contemplate. I stood by him for some time before he appeared to recollect me. At length he said:—

"I like your enthusiasm about Dante." (I don't remember that I had expressed any.) "What do you think of Petrarch?" I said, I had not read many of the sonnets, but was rather disappointed with those which I had read; they were mere boudoir trifles. "You are right," he replied, "quite right; Petrarch was a detestable donkey, and though I have edited his memoirs I say so. The fellow must have been mad, or a fool, or a liar. The latter is the most probable. There really was no such person as Laura. She is throughout a type of the *laurel* for which he panted, and all the romance about his hopeless passion is rank falsehood from the beginning to the end. It is more charitable to him to suppose him a liar than the puling ass we must believe him to be, if we credit the story of his love for this fat woman with a large family for such a number of years. I don't mean to cast any reflection on Petrarch for this device. Our own Cowley who was a perfect virtuous man adopted a similar deceit, and pretended to all the world that he was dying for love. Nor did he confine his particulars on the subject to lie-creating poetry, but he put them forth in plain matter of fact prose. The late Duchess of Devonshire was an ardent admirer of Petrarch. I once saw the copy of that poet which belonged to her Grace, and oddly enough, some reference in it made a note to my essay on English poetry. I shall show it to you some time or other."

I repeated to him Lord Byron's opinion of Petrarch, "I detest the Petrarch so much that I would not be the man even to have obtained his Laura which the metaphysical whining dotard never could." I did this designedly, as I really wished to hear as much of Campbell and Lord Byron as I possibly could. He swelled up. "What could the ruffian," said he, "know of Petrarch? When he wrote that opinion he scarcely knew Italian from high Dutch. Afterwards, to be sure, when he picked up his Italian paramour, he learned to lip the language, but Lord Byron never knew any thing. He was right in this opinion—right by accident as many an ignorant man is. I once called at his house in Bennet-street. He was lying in bed at three o'clock in the afternoon, spelling over Virgil. He turned to me every minute, asking me the meaning of the plainest words. At first I thought it was affectation and ventured to tell him so. He assured me it was not so, that his ignorance was real, not simulated "only for my boy Hobby (this was the name he always called Hobhouse) I should get into a thousand scrapes. He tells me every thing classical. Langhorne's Plutarch and Baker's Livy do the rest. Had you been a lord, Mr. Campbell, at ten years age, you would have been just as great a dunce."

Campbell's broad Scotch accent surprised me a good deal. I had thought that the society in which he moved would have smoothed away the Caledonian roughness from his tongue, but it was not so. He spoke like a man freshly imported from the savage wilds of the highlands. He was born in Glasgow, July 27th, 1777, and was the tenth child of his father, who was sixty-seven years old at the time, and died at ninety. His mother also was a Campbell. Whoever looked in the poet's face would have known him at the first glance to be a Scotchman, but he looked more like a pedlar or an exciseman than a worshipper of the Nine. I asked him how old he was when he published the *Pleasure of Hope*. "In my twenty-second year," said he.

I took the liberty of asking him whether there were any truth in a story which Allan Cunningham had published respecting him. On his election to the office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, he proceeded to his native town to be installed. It was a deep snow when he reached the College green; the students were drawn up in parties pelting one another, the poet ran into the ranks, threw several snow-balls with unerring aim, then summoning the scholars around him in the hall, delivered a speech replete with philosophy and eloquence. Campbell's lips quivered with rage. "Cunningham," said he, "was the most infernal liar that ever left Scotland."

I asked him whether he had seen much of Sheridan. "Yes," said he "and drank much with him. It was glorious. His intoxication was like the madness of the Sibyl, something wonderful and grand and splendid. He was the only man I ever saw who was truly great in his cups. Byron was the most wishy-washy, disgusting creature in the world when he had swallowed a couple of bottles of claret: but Sheridan—oh, he was superb! The School for Scandal is but a faint reflection of what he spoke. In fact, Sheridan spoke a comedy every night. His sarcasms were awful. I have seen the rich Whig lords tremble before this magnificent animal like an infant in the presence of a giant. Sheridan knew his power over them, and never, unless highly provoked, abused it. Poor Lord Holland shrank to a mere pigmy in his presence. I once dined with Sheridan, Madame de Staël, and Curran. The first of the three was indubitably the first in everything. He did not perhaps speak as much poetry as Curran, but in every other quality of conversation and mind he out-topped him. Curran was a jester like Foote and Quin—his gestures were highly arch and dramatic, and his humour owed not a little of its success to his queer monkey face which was capable of the strangest transformations, and was never at rest. It shifted perpetually like the scenes in a Pantomime. He was as great a jester

as Scarron, and indulged much in quaint fantastic humour; like the clown in the show he cared not how he made you laugh. But Sheridan was always a gentleman and finished courtier, and never forgot the elegant refinement which he had learned at the prince's parties. I once got a letter from Madame de Staël, telling me she was very ill, and confined to bed, and begging me to call to her and talk to her. I went, wrapped up in one of my old plain coats, expecting a philosophic tête à tête with the author of *Corinne*. When I went up stairs, I was shown into a drawing-room magnificently lighted up, and beheld the Staël resplendently dressed lounging on a crimson sofa. Two or three people of fashion were present. I started back with horror and affright, (like the man in the *Aeneid* who had trodden on a serpent,) conscious of my old coat and uncurled wig, but the baroness beckoned to me, seated me by herself, and made me the lion of the party. I was never so confused in my life. In about an hour, who should walk into the room, fully attired in a magnificent court suit, breeches, buckles, sword and cocked hat, &c. &c. but Sheridan, who afterwards told me that he had got a note precisely similar to mine. I was thunderstruck, and the Staël was nearly as surprised at the apparition as I was sixty minutes before to find myself in the middle of the party. We left Madame de Staël's together and supped at a tavern in Covent Garden where we remained until four o'clock in the morning. It was in the middle of June, and Sheridan walked home to his residence, with his long sword clattering on the pavement, and his cocked hat rather awry on his head, followed by a large mob of admirers, and pelted with cabbage stumps and the offal of the streets.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO SEE HER "DEAR MOTHER." CAUDLE, ON THE "JOYFUL OCCASION," HAS GIVEN A PARTY, AND ISSUED THE ANNEXED CARD OF INVITATION.

"When the cat's away the mice will play."

Mr. Caudle's compliments to Mr. Prettyman, and expects to have the honour of his company on this joyful occasion, at half-past Eight o'Clock.

"It is hard, I think, Mr. Caudle, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern: a tavern?—a pothouse! Yes, I thought you were very anxious that I should go; I thought you wanted to get rid of me for something, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh yes, you can be very tender, you can, Mr. Caudle, when it suits your own purpose. Yes! and the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world knew you as well as I do, that's all; but it shall, some day, I'm determined.

"I'm sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke; and what's more, with the filthiest smoke I ever knew. Take 'em down, then? Yes, it's all very well for you to say, take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago; but a careful wife's lost upon you, Mr. Caudle. You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin, as I will for the future. People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do; I've long found out that.

"And what a condition the carpet's in! They've taken five pounds out of it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots, and I don't know what besides. And then the sonke in the hearth-rug, and a large cinder-hole burnt in it! I never saw such a house in my life! If you wanted to have a few friends, why couldn't you invite 'em when your wife's at home, like any other man? not have 'em sneaking in, like a set of housebreakers, directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must; mean fellows, that are afraid to face a woman? Ha! and you all call yourselves the lords of the creation! I should only like to see what would become of the creation, if you were left to yourselves! A pretty pickle creation would be in very soon.

"You must all have been in a nice condition! What do you say? *You took nothing?* Took nothing, didn't you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I haven't the heart to count 'em. And punch, too! you must have punch! There's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one for Susan, like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em to me. No, sir; Susan *shan't* leave the house! What do you say? *She has no right to tell tales, and you will be master of your own house?* Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there isn't as much as would fill a tea-cup. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for fifty men? What do you say? *There wasn't fifty?* That's no matter; the more shame for 'em, sir. I'm sure they drank enough for fifty. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for all the world out of my housekeeping money? *You don't ask me?* Don't you ask me? You do; you know you do: for if I only want a shilling extra, the house is in a blaze. And yet a whole loaf of sugar can you throw away upon—No, I won't be still; and I won't let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night, you wouldn't have been so sleepy now. You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you, and your poor wife can't get in a word!

"And there's that China image that I had when I was married—I wouldn't have taken any sum of money for it, and you know it—and how do I find it? With its precious head knocked off! And what was more mean, more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had happened. *You knew nothing about it?* Now, how can you lie there, in your Christian bed, Caudle, and say that? You know that that fellow, Prettyman, knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you hadn't the feeling,—yes, I will say it,—you hadn't the feeling to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh no, if the truth was known, you were very glad to see it broken for that very reason.

"Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear aunt's picture? Oh! you're a laughing, are you? *You're not a laughing?* Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not a laughing? Yes, corked whiskers on her dear face,—and she was a good soul to you, Caudle, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, you may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling, like other people, that's all.

"Then there's my china mug—the mug I had before I was married—when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spout off that mug? Don't tell me it was cracked before—it's no such thing, Caudle; there wasn't a flaw in it—and now, I could have cried when I saw it. Don't tell me it wasn't worth twopence. How do you

know? You never buy mugs. But that's like men; they think nothing in a house costs anything.

"There's four glasses broke, and nine cracked. At least, that's all I've found out at present; but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to-morrow.

"And I should like to know where the cotton umbrella's gone to—and I should like to know who broke the bell-pull—and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair,—and perhaps—"

"Here," says Caudle, "Morpheus came to my aid, and I slept; nay, I think I snored."

THE MOURNER AND THE COMFORTER.

It was a lovely day in the month of August, and the sun, which had shone with undiminished splendour from the moment of dawn, was now slowly declining, with that rich and prolonged glow with which it seems especially to linger around those scenes where it seldomest finds admittance. For it was a valley in the north of Scotland into which its light was streaming, and many a craggy top and rugged side, rarely seen without their cap of clouds or shroud of mist, were now throwing their mellow-tinted forms, clear and soft, into a lake of unusual stillness. High above the lake, and commanding a full view of that and of the surrounding hills, stood one of those countryfied hotels not unfrequently met with on a tourist's route, formerly only designed for the lonely traveller or weary huntsman, but which now, with the view to accommodate the swarm of visitors which every summer increased, had gone on stretching its cords and enlarging its boundaries, till the original tenement looked merely like the seed from which the rest had sprung. Nor, even under these circumstances, did the house admit of much of the luxury of privacy; for, though the dormitories lay thick and close along the narrow corridor, all accommodation for the day was limited to two large and long rooms, one above the other, which fronted the lake. Of these, the lower one was given up to pedestrian travellers,—the sturdy, sunburnt shooters of the moors, who arrive with weary limbs and voracious appetites, and question no accommodation which gives them food and shelter; while the upper one was the resort of ladies and family parties, and was furnished with a low balcony, now covered with a rough awning.

Both these rooms, on the day we mention, were filled with numerous guests. Touring was at its height, and shooting had begun; and, while a party of way-worn young men, coarsely clad and thickly shod, were lying on the benches, or looking out of the windows of the lower apartment, a number of travelling parties were clustered in distinct groups in the room above; some lingering round their tea-tables, whilst others sat on the balcony, and seemed attentively watching the evolutions of a small boat, the sole object on the lake before them. It is pleasant to watch the actions, however insignificant they may be, of a distant group; to see the hand obey without hearing the voice that has bidden; to guess at their inward motives by their outward movements; to make theories of their intentions, and try to follow them out in their actions; and, as at a pantomime, to tell the drift of the piece by dumb show alone. And it is an idle practice too, and one especially made for the weary or the listless traveller, giving them amusement without thought, and occupation without trouble; for people who have had their powers of attention fatigued by incessant exertion, or weakened by constant novelty, are glad to settle it upon the merest trifle at last. So the loungers on the balcony increased, and the little boat became a centre of general interest to those who apparently had not had one sympathy in common before. So calm and gliding was its motion, so refreshing the gentle air which played round it, that many an eye from the shore envied the party who were seated in it. These consisted of three individuals, two large figures and a little one.

"It is Captain H— and his little boy," said one voice, breaking silence; "they arrived here yesterday."

"They'll be going to see the great waterfall," said another.

"They had best make haste about it; for they have a mile to walk up hill when they land," said a third.

"Rather than I," rejoined a languid fourth; and again there was a pause. Meanwhile the boat party seemed to be thinking little about the waterfall or the need for expedition. For a few minutes the quick glancing play of the oars was seen, and then they ceased again; and now an arm was stretched out towards some distant object in the landscape, as if asking a question; and then the little fellow pointed here and there, as if asking many questions at once, and, in short, the conjectures on the balcony were all thrown out. But now the oars had rested longer than usual, and a figure rose and stooped, and seemed occupied with something at the bottom of the boat. What were they about! They were surely not going to fish at this time of evening! No, they were not; for slowly a mast was raised, and a sail unfurled, which at first hung flapping, as if uncertain which side the wind would take it, and then gently swelled out to its full dimensions, and seemed too large a wing for so tiny a body. A slight air had arisen; the long reflected lines of colours, which every object on the shore dripped, as it were, into the lake, were gently stirred with a quivering motion; every soft strip of liquid tint broke gradually into a jagged and serrated edge; colours were mingled, forms were confused; the mountains, which lay in undiminished brightness above, seemed by some invisible agency to be losing their second selves from beneath them; long, cold white lines rose apparently from below, and spread radiating over all the liquid picture: in a few minutes, the lake lay one vast sheet of bright silver, and half the landscape was gone. The boat was no longer in the same element; before, it had floated in a soft, transparent ether; now, it glided upon a plain of ice.

"I wish they had stuck to their oars," said the full, deep voice of an elderly gentleman; "hoisting a sail on these lakes is very much like trusting to luck in life,—it may go on all right for awhile, and save you much trouble, but you are never sure that it won't give you the slip, and that when you are least prepared."

"No danger in the world, sir," said a young fop standing by, who knew as little about boating on Scotch lakes as he did of most things any where else. Meanwhile, the air had become chill, the sun had sunk behind the hills, and the boating party, tired, apparently, of their monotonous amusement, turned the boat's head towards shore. For some minutes they advanced with fuller and fuller bulging sail in the direction they sought, when suddenly the breeze seemed not so much to change as to be met by another and stronger current of air, which came pouring through the valley with a howling sound, and then, bursting on the lake, drove its waters in a furrow before it. The little boat started, and swerved like a frightened creature; and the sail, distended to its utmost, cowered down to the water's edge.

"Good God! why don't they lower that sail! Down with it! down with it!" shouted the same deep voice from the balcony, regardless of the impossi-

bility of being heard. But the admonition was needless; the boatman, with quick, eager motions, was trying to lower it. Still it bent, fuller and fuller, lower and lower. The man evidently strained with desperate strength, defeating, perhaps, with the clumsiness of anxiety, the end in view; when, too impatient, apparently, to witness their urgent peril without lending his aid, the figure of Captain H— rose up; in one instant a piercing scream was borne faintly to shore,—the boat whelmed over, and all were in the water.

For a few dreadful seconds nothing was seen of the unhappy creatures: then a cap floated, and then two struggling figures rose to the surface. One was evidently the child, for his cap was off, and his fair hair was seen; the other head was covered. This latter buffeted the waters with all the violence of a helpless, drowning man; then he threw his arms above his head, sank, and rose no more. The boy struggled less and less, and seemed dead to all resistance before he sank too. The boat floated keel upwards, almost within reach of the sufferers; and now that the water had closed over them, the third figure was observed, for the first time, at a considerable distance, slowly and laboriously swimming towards it, and in a few moments two arms were flung over it, and there he hung. It was one of those scenes which the heart quails to look on, yet which chains the spectator to the spot. The whole had passed in less than a minute; fear—despair—agony—and death, had been pressed into one of those short minutes, of which so many pass without our knowing how. It is well. Idleness, vanity, or vice—all that dismisses thought—may daily with time, but the briefest space is too long for that excess of consciousness where time seems to stand still.

At this moment a lovely and gentle-looking young woman entered the room. It was evident that she knew nothing of the dreadful scene that had just occurred, nor did she now remark the intense excitement which still riveted the spectators to the balcony; for, seeking, apparently, to avoid all intercourse with strangers, she had seated herself, with a book, on the chair farthest removed from the window. Nor did she look up at the first rush of hurried steps into the room; but, when she did, there was something which arrested her attention, for every eye was fixed upon her with an undefinable expression of horror, and every foot seemed to shrink back from approaching her. There was also a murmur as of one common and irrepressible feeling through the whole house; quick footsteps were heard as of men impelled by some dreadful anxiety; doors were banged; voices shouted; and, could any one have stood by a calm and indifferent spectator, it would have been interesting to mark the sudden change from the abstracted and composed look with which Mrs. H— (for she it was) first raised her head from her book to the painful restlessness of inquiry with which she now glanced from eye to eye, and seemed to question what manner of tale they told.

It is something awful and dreadful to stand before a fellow-creature laden with a sorrow which, however we may commiserate it, it is theirs alone to bear; to be compelled to tear away that veil of unconsciousness which alone hides their misery from their sight; and to feel that the faintness gathering round our own heart alone enables theirs to continue beating with tranquillity. We feel less almost of pity for the suffering we are about to inflict than for the peace which we are about to remove; and the smile of unconsciousness which precedes the knowledge of evil is still more painful to look back upon than the bitterest tear that follows it. And, if such be the feelings of the messenger of heavy tidings, the mind that is to receive them is correspondingly actuated. For who is there that thanks you really for concealing the evil that was already arrived—for prolonging the happiness that was already gone? Who cares for a reprieve when sentence is still to follow? It is a pitiful soul that does not prefer the sorrow of certainty to the peace of deceit; or, rather, it is a blessed provision which enables us to acknowledge the preference when it is no longer in our power to choose. It seems intended as a protection to the mind from something so degrading to it as an unreal happiness, that both those who have to inflict misery and those who have to receive it should alike despise its solace. Those who have trod the very brink of a precipice, unknowing that it yawned beneath, look back to those moments of their ignorance with more of horror than of comfort; such security is too close to danger for the mind ever to separate them again. Nor need the bearer of sorrow embitter his errand by hesitations and scruples how to disclose it; he need not pause for a choice of words or form of statement. In no circumstance of life does the soul act so utterly independent of all outward agency; it awaits for no explanation, wants no evidence; at the furthest idea of danger it flies at once to its weakest part; an embarrassed manner will rouse suspicions, and a faltering word confirm them. Dreadful things never require precision of terms,—they are wholly guessed before they are half told. Happiness the heart believes not in till it stands at our very threshold; misery it flies as if eager to meet.

So it was with the unfortunate Mrs. H—; no one spoke of the accident, no one pointed to the lake; no connecting link seemed to exist between the security of ignorance and the agony of knowledge. At one moment she raised her head in placid indifference, at the next she knew that her husband and child were lying beneath the waters. And did she faint, or fall as one stricken? No: for the suspicion was too sudden to be sustained; and the next instant came the thought, This must be a dream; God cannot have done it. And the eyes were closed, and the convulsed hands pressed tight over them, as if she would shut out mental vision as well; and groans and sobs burst from the crowd, and men dashed from the room, unable to bear it; and women too, untrue to their calling. And there was weeping and wringing of hands, and one weak woman fainted; but still no sound or movement came from her on whom the burden had fallen. Then came the dreadful revulsion of feeling; and, with contracted brow and gasping breath, and voice pitched almost to a scream, she said, "It is not true—tell me—it is not true—tell me—tell me!" And, advancing with desperate gestures, she made for the balcony. All recoiled before her; when one gentle woman, small and delicate as herself, opposed her, and, with streaming eyes and trembling limbs, stood before her. "Oh, go not there—go not there! cast your heavy burden on the Lord!" These words broke the spell. Mrs. H— uttered a cry which long rang in the ears of those that heard it, and sank, shivering and powerless, in the arms of the kind stranger.

Meanwhile, the dreadful scene had been witnessed from all parts of the hotel, and every male inmate poured from it. The listless tourist of fashion forgot his languor, the wayworn pedestrian his fatigue. The hill down to the lake was trodden by eager, hurrying figures, all anxious to give that which in such cases it is a relief to give, viz., active assistance. Nor were these all, for down came the sturdy shepherd from the hills; and the troops of ragged, barelegged urchins from all sides; and distant figures of men and women were seen pressing forward to help or to hear; and the hitherto deserted-looking valley was active with life. Meanwhile the survivor hung motionless over the upturned boat, borne about at the will of the waters, which were now lashed into great agitation. No one could tell whether it was Captain H— or the

Highland boatman, and no one could wish for the preservation of the one more than the other. For life is life to all; and the poor man's wife and family may have less time to mourn, but more cause to want. And before the boat, that was manning with eager volunteers, had left the shore, down came also a tall, raw-boned woman, breathless, more apparently with exertion than anxiety,—her eyes dry as stones, and her cheeks red with settled colour; one child dragging at her heels, another at her breast. It was the boatman's wife. Different, indeed, was her suspense to that of the sufferer who had been left above; but, perhaps, equally true to her capacity. With her it was fury rather than distress; she scolded the bystanders, chid the little squalling child, and abused her husband by turns.

"How dare he gang to risk his life wi' six bairns at hame? Ae body knew nae sail was safe on the lake for twa hours together; mair fule he to try!" And then she flung the roaring child on to the grass, bade the other mind it, strode half-leg high into the water to help to push off the boat; and then, returning to a place where she could command a view of its movements, she took up the child and hushed it tenderly to sleep. Like her, every one now sought some elevated position, and the progress of the boat seemed to suspend every other thought. It soon neared the fatal spot, and in another minute was alongside the upturned boat; the figure was now lifted carefully in, something put round him, and, from the languor of his movements, and the care taken, the first impression on shore was that Captain H— was the one spared. But it was a mercy to Mrs. H— that she was not in a state to know these surmises; for soon the survivor sat steadily upright, worked his arms, and rubbed his head, as if to restore animation; and, long before the boat reached the shore, the coarse figure and garments of the Highland boatman were distinctly recognised. Up started his wife. Unaccustomed to mental emotions of any sudden kind, they were strange and burdensome to her.

"What, Meggy! no stay to welcome your husband!" said a bystander.

"Welcome him vouraal," she replied; "I hae no the time. I maun get his dry claes, and het his parrich; and that's the best welcome I can gie him." And so, perhaps, the husband thought too.

And now, what was there more to do? The bodies of Captain H— and his little son had sunk in seventy fathom deep of water. If, in their hidden currents and movements they cast their victims aloft to the surface, all well; if not, no human hand could reach them. There was nothing to do! Two beings had ceased to exist, who, as far as regarded the consciousness and sympathies of the whole party, had never existed at all before. There had been no influence upon them in their lives, there was no blank to them in their deaths. They had witnessed a dreadful tragedy; they knew that she who had risen that morning a happy wife and mother was now widowed and childless, with a weight of woe upon her, and a life of mourning before her; but there were no forms to observe, no rites to prepare; nothing necessarily to interfere with one habit of the day, or to change one plan for the morrow. It was only a matter of feeling; a great *only* it is true; but, as with every thing in life, from the merest trifle to the most momentous occurrence, the matter varied with the individual who felt. All pitied, some sympathised, but few ventured to help. Some wished themselves a hundred miles off, because they could not help her; others wished the same because she distressed them; and the solitary back room, hidden from all view of the lake, to which the sufferer had been borne, after being visited by a few well-meaning or curious women, was finally deserted by all save the kind lady we have mentioned, and a good-natured maid-servant, the drudge of the hotel, who came in occasionally to assist.

We have told the tale exactly as it occurred; the reader knows both plot and conclusion; and now there only remains to say something of the ways of human sorrow, and something, too, of the ways of human goodness.

Grief falls differently on different hearts; some must vent it, others cannot. The coldest will be the most unnerved, the tenderest the most possessed; there is no rule. As for this poor lady, hers was of that sudden and extreme kind for which insensibility is at first mercifully provided; and it came to her, and yet not entirely,—suspending the sufferings of the mind, but not deadening all the sensation of the body; for she shivered and shuddered with that bloodless cold which kept her pale, numb, and icy, like one in the last hours before death. A large fire was lighted, warm blankets were wrapped round her, but the cold was too deep to be reached; and the kind efforts made to restore animation were more a relief to her attendants than to her. And yet Miss Campbell stopped sometimes from the chafing of the hands, and let those blue fingers lie motionless in hers, and looked up at that wan face with an expression as if she wished that the eyes might never open again, but that death might at once restore what it had just taken. For some hours no change ensued, and then it was gradual; the hands were withdrawn from those that held them, and first laid, and then clenched together; deep sighs of returning breath and returning knowledge broke from her; the wrappers were thrown off, first feebly, and then restlessly. There were no dramatic startings, no abrupt questionings; but, as blood came back to the veins, anguish came back to the heart. All the signs of excessive mental oppression now began, a sad train as they are, one extreme leading to the other. Before, there had been the powerlessness of exertion, now, there was the powerlessness of control; before she had been benumbed by insensibility, now, she was impelled as if bereft of sense. Like one distracted with intense bodily pain, her whole frame seemed strained to endure. The gentlest of voices whispered comfort, she heard not; the kindest of arms supported her, she rested not. There was the unvarying moan, the weary pacing, the repetition of the same action, the measurement of the same distance, the body vibrating as a mere machine to the restless recurrence of the same thought.

We have said that every outer sign of woe was there—all but that which great sorrows set flowing, but the greatest dry up—she shed no tears! Tears are things for which a preparation of the heart is needful; they are granted to anxiety for the future, or lament for the past. The flow with reminiscences of our own, or with the example of others; they are sent to reparations we have long dreaded, and to disappointments we cannot forget; they come when our hearts are softened, or when our hearts are wearied; but, in the first amazement of unlooked-for woe, they find no place: the cup that is suddenly whelmed over lets no drop of water escape.

It was evident, however, through all the unruliness of such distress, that the sufferer was a creature of gentle and considerate nature; in the whirlpool which convulsed every faculty of her mind, the smooth surface of former habits was occasionally thrown up. Though the hand that sought to support her was cast aside with a restless, excited movement, it was sought the next instant with a momentary pressure of contrition. Though the head was turned away one instant from the whisper of consolation with a gesture of impatience, yet it was bowed the next as if in entreaty of forgiveness. Poor

creature! what effort she could make to allay the storm which was rioting within her was evidently made for the sake of those around. With so much and so suddenly to bear, she still showed the habit of forbearance.

Meanwhile night had far advanced; many had been the inquiries and expressions of sympathy made at Mrs. H—'s door; but now, one by one, the parties retired each to their rooms. Few, however, rested that night as usual; however differently the terrible picture might be carried on the mind during the hours of light, it forced itself with almost equal vividness upon all in those of darkness. The father struggling to reach the child, and then throwing up his arms in agony, and that fair little head borne about unresistingly by the waves before they covered it over,—these were the figures which haunted many a pillow. Or, if the recollection of that scene was lulled for awhile, it was recalled again by the weary sound of those footsteps which told of a mourner that rested not. Of course, among the number and medley of characters lying under that roof, there was the usual proportion of the selfish and the careless. None, however, slept that night without confessing, in word or thought, that life and death are in the hands of the Lord; and not all, it is to be hoped, forgot the lesson.

One young man, in particular, possessed of fine intellectual powers, but which unfortunately had been developed among a people who, God help them! affect to believe only what they understand, was indebted to this day and night for a great change in his opinions. His heart was kind, though his understanding was perverted; and the thought of that young, lovely, and feeble woman, on whom a load of misery had fallen which would have crushed the strongest of his own sex, roused within him the strongest sense of the insufficiency of all human aid or human strength for beings who are framed to love and yet ordained to lose. He was oppressed with compassion, miserable with sympathy, he longed with all the generosity of a manly heart to do something, to suggest something, that should help her, or satisfy himself. But what were fortitude, philosophy, strength of mind? Mockeries, nay, more, imbecilities, which he dared not mention to her, nor so much as think of in the same thought with her woe. Either he must accuse the Power who had inflicted the wound, and so deep he had not sunk, or he must acknowledge His means of cure. Impelled, therefore, by a feeling equally beyond his doubting or his proving, he did that which for years German sophistry had taught him to forbear; he gave but little, but he felt that he gave his best,—he prayed for the suffering creature, and in the name of One who suffered for all, and from that hour God's grace forsook him not.

But the most characteristic sympathiser on the occasion was Sir Thomas —, the fine old gentleman who had shouted so loudly from the balcony. He was at home in this valley, owned the whole range of hills on one side of the lake, from their fertile bases to their bleak tops, took up his abode generally every summer in this hotel, and felt for the stricken woman as if she had been a guest of his own. Ever since the fatal accident he had gone about in a perfect fret of commiseration, inquiring every half hour at her door how she was, or what she had taken. Severe bodily illness or intense mental distress had never fallen upon that bluff person and warm heart, and abstinence from food was in either case the proof of an extremity for which he had every compassion, but of which he had no knowledge. He prescribed, therefore for the poor lady every thing that he would have relished himself, and nothing at that moment could have made him so happy as to have been allowed to send her up the choicest meal that the country could produce. Not that his benevolence was at all limited to such manifestations; if it did not deal in sentiment, it took the widest range of practice. His labourers were dispatched round the lake to watch for any traces of the late catastrophe; he himself kept up an hour later planning how he could best promote the comfort of her onward journey and of her present stay; and though the good old gentleman was now snoring loudly over the very apartment which contained to object of his sympathy, he would have laid down his life to save those that were gone, and half his fortune to solace her who was left. —[*Reminder next week.*]

Miscellaneous Articles.

ATROCITIES OF DJEZZAR PACHA.

I am sometimes excessively amused at reading in the French papers diatribes against the present Turkish administration in Syria, which is held up to the public as something worse than the tyranny which existed there in former days. I happen to have before me, in Arabic, the Life of the famous Djazzar Pacha, and wish that the writers of such paragraphs could read it, in order that they might correct their opinions on that head. They would then see that Djazzar amused himself in a way that would not be tolerated in the present day. I will give an anecdote or two to prove this. The inhabitants of Mount Lebanon having pleaded poverty as an excuse for not paying their taxes, he sent guards to bring them all to a marriage feast, where he regaled them in noble style with pilaff, roast mutton, and spiced sherbets. They were further diverted by various games and spectacles, after which to each man he gave a full suit of clothes and a new walking-stick. They were all as punch; but, alas! the order was given, and every man was compelled to strip himself of his old attire, and to throw down his walking-stick. They were in a state of despair, for gold was sewn up in their clothes, and concealed in their sticks; but their bewailings were of no effect, for all the old sticks and clothes were collected in a heap, the men were dismissed with blows, and Djazzar realized a hundred thousand dollars by the speculation, after deducting the expenses of the feast and the new attire. On another occasion he made a lottery, and forced the people to buy tickets at a high price. There were blanks; but the prizes consisted of various sums of 100, 50, and 20 dollars, and further, of papers, on which were written "ears to be cut off," "nose to be cut off," "nose to be slit," "an eye to be torn out," "right hand to be lopped," and so forth. Djazzar presided, paid the money where due, and was witness to the punishments, making a corresponding change when the unhappy possessor of a "prize" had already lost the limb whose excision was decreed by fate. Another day he called one of his secretaries, and said, "Write down the names of sundry people I shall order to be put to death." The trembling Kiatib obeyed, and wrote down 69 or 79 of the officers of the Pacha's household. The Pacha then said, "Count them;" he did so, and then the tyrant remarked, "It is an odd number; let me see, who shall we put down to make it a round one?" The poor secretary awaited with impatience till the Pacha could call somebody to mind, but in vain. The Pacha then added, "Well, I cannot think of anybody else, so add your own name." It was useless for the Kiatib to appeal to the monster for mercy; the list was completed with his own cognomen, and the whole were put to death the same day. The wives and children of the victims set up a dreadful uproar; but Djazzar commanded silence, and ordered that whoever uttered a murmur should be instantly decapitated. There are plenty of such anecdotes to relate;

but these will suffice to show that, in point of humanity, the East has greatly improved. Letter in the Morning Herald.

SWIMMING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

On our return passage, we passed through the channel between Maui and Hawaii, notorious for its heavy squalls, rapid currents, and short, topping seas. The beautiful appearance of the lofty mountains on either side is some alleviation, however, for this complication of disagreeables, but my purpose in alluding to it in this place is to record a feat in swimming, which, if it were not perfectly well authenticated, would seem to be incredible. At Honolulu, it was a common affair for men and boys to plunge from the top gallant yards of large ships, pass under their bottoms, and reappear on the other side. I have known them to bring up small articles lost overboard in ninety feet of water, and it is asserted of a woman, who was capsized in a canoe when two miles from shore, that she swam the whole distance to land, with a shark in full pursuit, seeking an opportunity to make a meal of her; but the activity and coolness she displayed proved too much for the rapacious and cowardly fish. These feats sink into insignificance compared with the following, which also serves to show how much at home the natives are upon the waves, and that there is considerable truth in the statement often made in regard to them—namely, that a native may perish from hunger and exhaustion upon the water but he will not drown. The schooner *Kiolo*, a small vessel of thirty-five tons, left Lahaina for Kawaihae on the 9th of May, 1840. She was in an unseaworthy condition, having been ashore but, with the characteristic recklessness of Hawaiians, was sent to sea again without being repaired. From thirty to forty people were on board. On the afternoon of the subsequent day, they had arrived to within ten miles of Kahola point, Hawaii; Maui was but just visible in the distance. The wind breezed up strong, and the vessel careened much to the leeward; the stone ballast rolled over in that direction, and part of her cargo immediately followed. Her bows were suddenly thrown under, and, before she could recover herself, the water rushed into her hatches, and she filled and went down, carrying with her a number who were unable to extricate themselves from her hold. The remainder, at the summons of Mauae, a pious native, who, during the morning (it was Sunday), had conducted divine service, assembled as near each other as it was possible, while he implored succour from above. Although Hawaii was comparatively but a short distance (ten or twelve miles) from them, the current and sea were both adverse to their swimming thither. Accordingly, the party made for Maui and Kahoolawe. Thompson, a naturalised Hawaiian, the commander of the schooner, was unable to swim. His wife placed him on a oar, and together they pushed for the shore. On Monday morning he died; in the afternoon she landed on Kahoolawe. An active young man secured a hatchway for himself and younger brother; the latter died before daylight, Monday, but the elder reached the island by eight o'clock. A boy, who was both feeble and sickly, unaided by any support, swam the entire distance (twenty-five to thirty miles), and arrived before any of the others. Mauae and his wife had each a covered bucket; they undressed, tied their clothes about them, and swam for land. Three young men accompanied them, all of whom successively disappeared during the night, either by going in another direction, or becoming exhausted. As sharks are here very abundant, perhaps some lost their lives from them. On Monday morning, with the exception of the two who had already landed, none others, except Mauae and Kaluwahienui his wife, survived. Some may have been swept by the current to the leeward of the island, and in this manner prevented from reaching land. Kaluwahienui's bucket came to pieces during the morning, and she swam without anything until afternoon, when Mauae became too weak to proceed. They rested awhile, and she lomid (shampooed) him, by which he was much refreshed. They started once more, and swam on, until Kahoolawe was in full view; but Mauae grew weak rapidly, and was unable to retain his hold on his bucket. She took it from him, while he grasped the hair of her head, by which she dragged him some distance further. His hands, however, unable to retain their hold, slipped. She endeavoured to arouse him to further effort, but in vain. She then told him to pray, but he was only able to ejaculate a sentence or two. Putting his arms round her neck, she then held him fast and swam with the unincumbered hand. It was near night, when she arrived within a quarter of a mile of shore, her husband still hanging to her. They had then been in the water nearly thirty hours, and he was now quite dead. Perceiving this, she cast off the body, and shortly after reached land. It was a barren spot; the inhabitants resided on the opposite side of the island. The long exposure to the salt water had blinded her eyes, and it was some hours before her sight was restored. Too fatigued to go far, she sought for food and water; the latter only, a little rain, which had recently fallen, she found in the hollows of the rocks, and that was her sole sustenance. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday went by, and no one came to relieve her. She was fast failing, when, on Friday morning, she discovered some water-melons, and ate one. Soon after, some fishermen appeared, and they conducted her to their village, and the day after transported her to Lahaina. When the young men reached Lahaina, they were as well and as lively as before the accident; the women were not so strong, but otherwise perfectly well.

Jaimes's Scenes in the Sandwich Islands.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF TURKISH ETIQUETTE.—The following circumstance may be mentioned in proof of the rigid severity of the law which forbids men to look upon the unveiled faces of women, or even to enter the harem of their nearest connexions. Emin Bey, colonel of engineers, and Dervish Effendi, professor of natural philosophy at Galata Serai, both studied in Europe and principally in England, where they laid the foundation for those acquirements that will probably raise them to high distinction in their respective departments. These two young men married two sisters, both girls of good education, daughters of the Hekim Bashy. The two husbands not being over rich, and their young wives not having any immediate dowry, the brothers-in-law determined to inhabit the same house and to share expenses. This proposition being agreed to by the families, a good house was selected, containing two commodious suites of apartments. Here the two couple settled themselves and placed their establishment under the superintendence of the professor's widowed mother. Now, it might be supposed that two such near connexions, living under the same roof, uniting purposes, and having almost all interests in common, would join together in domestic sociality, and form as it were one family. But this is not the case. The two sisters inhabit the same sitting room in the harem, and the two men divide the same apartment in the salamluk; but each wife has her distinct chambers, into which the husband of the other never enters, so that Dervish Effendi has never set eyes on the unveiled face of his sister-in-law, and Emin Bey has never looked upon the uncovered features of his brother-in-law's wife. Thus the two ladies are as complete strangers to their respective brothers-in-law as if they were living under distinct roofs.—*Domestic Manners of the Turks in 1844.*

PETRIFIED FOREST ON THE NILE.—"There is," says a writer in the *Bombay Times*, "scarcely, perhaps, a spectacle on the surface of the globe more remarkable either in a geological or picturesque point of view, than that presented by the petrified forest near Cairo. The traveller having passed the tombs of the Caliphs, just beyond the gates of the city, proceeds, to the southward nearly at right angles to the road across the desert of Suez, and after having travelled some ten miles up a low barren valley covered with sand, gravel, and sea shells, fresh as if the tide had retired but yesterday, crosses a low range of sandhills which has for some distance run parallel to his path. The scene now presented to him is beyond conception singular and desolate. A mass of fragments of trees, all converted into stone, and, when struck by his horse's hoof, ringing like cast-iron, is seen to extend itself for miles and miles around him in the form of a decayed and prostrate forest. The wood is of a dark brown hue, but retains its form in perfection, the pieces being from one to fifteen feet in length, and from a foot to three feet in thickness, strewn so thickly together, as far as the eye can reach, that an Egyptian donkey can scarcely thread its way through amongst them and so natural, that were it in Scotland or Ireland, it might pass without remark for some enormous drained bog, on which the exhumed trees lay rotting in the sun. The roots and rudiments of the branches are in many cases nearly perfect, and in some, the worm holes eaten under the bark are readily recognisable. The most delicate of the sap-vessels, and all the finer portions of the centre of the wood, are perfectly entire, and bear to be examined with the strongest magnifiers. The whole are so thoroughly silicified as to scratch glass, and to be capable of receiving the highest polish."

AMUSING FREAK OF AN INSANE PATIENT.—The following is related by Dr. Earle, of the Bloomingdale Asylum, in the January number of the *Journal of Insanity*.—"An insane lady, in the middle age of life, a peaceable, quiet creature, with a heart overflowing with 'the milk of human kindness,' occupied a room in the asylum. She had a large quarto bible, which, when she was not reading from it, lay upon the table. One morning I was somewhat surprised in finding her seated in her arm chair, the table in her lap, and the Bible on the floor. Asking her the cause of this new arrangement, she told me that 'the table was so tired with holding the Bible, that she was tending it, for the purpose of giving it some relief.' The process was often repeated afterwards, and the benevolence that prompted it soon extended to the bedstead to which she frequently gave opportunities of 'rest,' by holding up, for hours in succession, the corners of the bed and the superincumbent clothing. This may appear like burlesque or caricature, but this is not intended as such; for truly, if ever an act of kindness was induced by the pure spirit of affection, I believe such was the fact with those just mentioned."

Imperial Parliament.

BANKING IN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

House of Commons, April 25th.

Sir Robert PEEL propounded his important measure for the regulation of banking in Scotland and Ireland. We give the pith of his statement, greatly condensed.

By the measure of last year, the issues of the Bank of England were limited to 14,000,000*l.* in promissory notes on securities; any excess over that amount to be based on bullion. The future issues of other banks in England and Wales were limited to the average amount of their issues for the twelve weeks preceding the 27th April 1844. The House sanctioned those measures on the assumption that a promissory note represents a certain quantity of gold, definite in quality and weight; and that with an unregulated issue there is no practical guarantee for the permanent convertibility of the paper. Thus far experience is in favour of that act: there has since been a period of extraordinary commercial activity and speculation, especially in manufactures and railways, and a great demand for capital; there has been no check on the application of capital; the amount of gold and silver in the Bank of England is now 15,842,000*l.* It is admitted that the power of creating new banks of issue, had it still been unlimited, would have acted on the speculative mania, insuring a dangerous reaction; but there has been no complaint of the limitation from the Country Banks; which have upon the whole behaved most honourably in the execution of the act. He proposed to apply the principles of that act to Ireland and Scotland; and he thought that he could do so without deranging the habits or shocking even the prejudices of the people.

He first explained a peculiarity in Irish banking as distinct from Scottish—the existence of the National Bank of Ireland. It enjoys the exclusive privilege of issuing and paying notes (except at large amounts and long dates) within a circle of sixty four English miles radius. Its capital is 2,769,000*l.*; there is a debt due by Government of 2,630,000*l.*, on which 3½ per cent interest is paid. There are eight other banks of issue in Ireland—joint-stock banks: those banks have 4,000 shareholders and many thousands more customers; to many of whom it is a serious inconvenience that they cannot transact business except through the National Bank. He proposed, with the willing concurrence of its Directors, to withdraw all the exclusive privileges of the National Bank; except that he would continue to it the Government business, and the present rate of interest on the Government debt, as payment for conducting the official business. He would also abolish the oaths in that establishment distinguishing Roman Catholic office-bearers from Protestants. And the Bank will make a weekly return like that of the Bank of England.

In Scotland, as in Ireland, there are no private banks of issue, but all are joint stock banks; there are nineteen banks; to which number they are restricted by the act of last session; three have charters, two are incorporated under act of Parliament, the rest are not incorporated. It would be better to give them all charters of incorporation; but still he would make that permissive. He would not, either in Scotland or Ireland, abolish the power of issuing notes under 5*l.* in amount—he would not run the risk of encountering the opposition which such a proposal would excite; though he did not know that the use of the small notes could be justified by argument. He would not guarantee the continuance of those notes; implying no intention any way as to the future. He would not establish any fixed proportion between the notes under 5*l.* or above. But he would, as in the case of the English banks, restrict the future issues of the banks to the amount of the average issues for a certain time past—namely, the period since the 27th of April 1844—thirteen lunar months. In Ireland, it is necessary to take an extended time, because there has been a great increase in the issues within the last three or four months; in Scotland it does not much matter. He would solve the doubt in Scotland as to the question of law, whether Bank of England notes are a legal tender or not by making them not so. There is in this country a security against derangement of the currency, in the general diffusion of gold coin, probably not less than 30,000,000*l.* or 35,000,000*l.*,

through every part—a security which does not exist in Ireland or Scotland: he would therefore oblige any excess of the issues of the banks (over the amount now fixed) to be based, not on bullion or Bank of England notes, but on bullion alone—gold or silver bullion; making silver under 2*l.* a legal tender. It would be advantageous to encourage an increase of silver, especially in Ireland. The banks would in future be obliged to make weekly returns of the notes in circulation; but in Scotland returns of the circulation each day would be fallacious, on account of exchanges with other banks; and therefore he would continue the present system of making a return of the last day in each week: the average would be struck on the returns for four weeks, and the circulation, or any excess, calculated on that average. Several statistical particulars, such as the amount of gold in each bank, a distinction between the 5*l.* and the lower notes, the description of issues, &c. would be required; but the information thus exacted by Government would be in confidence; the monthly returns published by the Stamp-office resembling those now made in England. The average circulation of the Scotch banks, in the thirteen months since 27th April, is 3,041,000*l.*; but there is in the November of each year an excess in the issues of about 500,000*l.*, which would of course have to be based on bullion. The average circulation in Ireland would in future be, of the National Bank, 3,706,000*l.*; of the other banks, 2,565,000*l.*; in all, 6,271,000*l.* As there is in Scotland no national bank, to supply any deficiency caused in the circulation by the failure of any joint-stock bank, he would give permission for any bank to dispose of its circulation to another bank; the aggregate of the amounts to be taken as the joint circulation. To avoid any inconvenience of precipitancy, the plan would not come into action until the 1st of January next. He believed that this plan would add to the stability of the circulation in the United Kingdom, and would be an equitable way of making Ireland and Scotland bear their share of the burden of providing a guarantee against commercial panic. He concluded by moving resolutions directing bills to be brought in to regulate the currency in Ireland and Scotland.

There was some desultory conversation. Mr. Fox Maule and other Scotch Members expressed satisfaction at finding the measure no more alarming than it proved to be; some, however, still deprecating interference. Mr. F. T. Baring told them, that they would be more sensitive than sensible to quarrel with it. Mr. Sheil expressed approval on the part of Ireland. The resolutions were agreed to, and leave was given to bring in two bills founded on them.

THE CONDEMNED SERMON.

House of Commons, April 28.

The Marquis of CLANRICARDE reminded their lordships that about three years ago a scene took place in Newgate, in the case of a man who had been sentenced to suffer death for murder, which was pronounced by both Houses of Parliament to have been irreligious, disgraceful and unbecoming. It had been hoped that the notice taken by Parliament of the scene to which he alluded would have prevented the recurrence of such spectacles; but it appeared from the newspapers of that morning that on the previous day a similar exhibition had taken place. He read an extract from one of the papers descriptive of what was called "the condemned sermon" which had been preached on the day before at Newgate, in the hearing of a large audience, attracted by curiosity to witness the spectacle, which was correctly described as a theatrical exhibition. It was not right to desecrate the house of God by such theatrical displays to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public, and it was impossible to allow such proceedings to pass unnoticed. Another circumstance had occurred on the occasion which was contrary to all proceedings of law and justice; not only was the convict present, but a man committed for trial, whom no one had a right to suppose guilty, had been exposed to the public gaze in a position which permitted his whole demeanour to be watched during the impressive service. For these reasons he thought their lordships would not object to his making a motion without notice for a copy of the regulations relating to the attendance at divine service in the chapel of Newgate by criminals convicted of murder and by persons committed for trial.

Lord BROUGHAM had read with the same disgust which must have affected their lordships of a malversation of management of the religious solemnities by the authorities of the prison of Newgate, for the purpose of pandering to the prurient curiosity of the more foolish and idle part of the public. He held it perfectly clear that the public should be excluded from the condemned sermon, whilst all publicity ought to be given to the punishment, to the trial, and the sentence, of which the punishment was the execution; but it was no part of the punishment awarded by law that criminals should be subjected to the torment of the public eye while engaged in their last act of devotion. If it were meant as a punishment, it would only operate on one class of culprits; on the other, to whom the unhappy man in question belonged, it would only serve to gratify that morbid thirst for distinction which seemed almost a madness in him. The noble lord had felt it to be his duty, engaged as he was, in common with the rest of their lordships, in the administration of justice, to express his strong feeling of indignation and reproof on this occasion; and, as a member of the corporation of the city of London, he would take leave to give a warning to that corporation of the risks they ran if they, in whose hands the remedy for this enormous evil was placed, did not speedily and effectually apply that remedy. He expected of the City that the House should never more hear of the public being admitted to the condemned sermon.

Lord STANLEY said that, assuming the newspaper reports to be correct, there could be but one feeling as to the extreme impropriety and indecency of the proceedings described. The motion, however, was not founded on such information as the House was accustomed to act upon, and he, therefore, suggested that the noble marquis should withdraw his motion, when he (Lord Stanley) would undertake that the Home Secretary would, as on a former occasion, make every inquiry into the matter, and demand an explanation from the City authorities. The House might rest assured that the Government would use whatever authority it could exercise to put an end to such scandalous scenes.

The motion was withdrawn; and their lordships soon after adjourned.

Foreign Summary.

Rear-Admiral Parker is to have the command of the experimental squadron of line-of-battle ships now fitting for sea.

Julie, Countess of Survilliers, wife of Joseph Bonaparte, and formerly Queen of Spain, died at Florence on the 7th inst., of apoplexy. She was termed by the poor, on account of her charities, *la buona signora*.

It appears from an article in the *Debats*, that the French Government has abandoned the projected expedition against the Kabyles for the present year.

In the batch of peers just made in France, there are the names of Victor

Hugo, the celebrated poet, and M. Bertin de Vaux, proprietor of the *Journal des Debats*.

The Arabs who had assembled, to the number of 20,000, to attack Aden, quelled, as usual, amongst themselves, had a fight, and the whole force may be said to have been broken up.

Letters from Rome state that the Government have again prohibited horse-racing, to the great disappointment and dismay of the numerous circles of English and other foreigners residing at and visiting Rome.

A letter from Milan, of the 21st ultimo, states that the Pope, a few days previously, had called together a congregation or meeting for secular purposes in Rome, at which it was determined not to allow railways within the Papal States, either those having their origin there or as connecting links with the adjoining countries.—*Times*.

COLONIAL BISHOPS.—The province of New Brunswick has been constituted a new see, to be called the Bishopric of Fredericton, and the Rev. John Medley, DD, been consecrated its first bishop. Ceylon, in like manner, has been constituted into the Bishopric of Colombo, and the Rev. James Chapman, DD, consecrated its bishop.—*Globe*.

LIVERPOOL, May 4.—The last fortnight has been almost exclusively occupied with the question of Maynooth—the great question of the day. The public mind is still fermenting, and will continue to do so long after the statute book has recorded the enactment of the measure. All doubt about its parliamentary success was set at rest by the unexpectedly large majority which passed the second reading—147; and a though its zealous opponents have since shown fight in the House of Commons by another debate, and another division on the bringing up of the report, yet the last was a battle more marked by parade than earnestness, and the foreground was occupied by a number of small men who must say something to justify their inconsistency. The same will take place on the third reading.

Sir Robert Peel has hazarded much in permanently endowing Maynooth. There is no chord in the national mind so sensitive, none that thrills with an emotion so keen as that which the bare idea of supporting Popery out of the public purse calls into action. On the principle that the hatred of the nearest relations is the most bitter, we may account for the feeling which marks the Churches of England and Rome. But dissent is, if possible, in all the varieties which it assumes, more intense in its dislike of the Scarlet lady than are the orthodox; and as Dissenters build and endow their own places of worship, a feeling of oppression and injustice is superadded to sectarian dislike. Recent events have given full scope for the display of this hatred of Catholicism, and knowing the latent power he was evoking, its strength and durability, the Minister, in this assault upon the prejudices of his countrymen and his party, has shown how far he is prepared to go to make the Empire "united" in feeling as in name. Small as the boon is, it has been gratefully received in Ireland. Mr. O'Connell, who knows no medium in his praise or censure, has "blarneyed" Peel and Graham in approved style, and from the Treasury Bench of St Stephen's, the "soft sawder" is reciprocated.

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAYS.—The Select Committee of Parliament appointed to inquire into the merits of the atmospheric system of railways have reported strongly in its favour. On the Kingstown and Dalkey railway, near Dublin, in spite of defects inevitable in a first structure, the plan has worked well for nineteen months, with severe gradients, and with curves that would have been impossible for locomotive engines. The committee "have no hesitation in stating, that a single atmospheric line is superior to a double locomotive line both in regularity and safety; inasmuch as it makes collisions impossible except at crossing-places, and excludes all the danger and irregularity arising from casualties from engines or their tenders." There is ample evidence, say the committee, to justify the adoption of the atmospheric line at present: if it were practicable to postpone all railway legislation until further trial be made it would be best to do so, but that is impracticable. The committee "venture therefore to express their opinion to the House, that in deciding between competing lines of railway, those which have been set out to suit the atmospheric principle ought not to be considered as open to valid objection merely on account of their having gradients too severe for the locomotive; nor should they be tested in comparison with other lines solely by the degree of their suitability to the use of their locomotive." "While your committee have thus expressed a strong opinion in favour of the general merits of the atmospheric principle, they feel that experience can alone determine under what circumstances of traffic or of country the preference to either system should be given."

FRANCE.—On Saturday, M. Allard presented to the Chamber of Deputies the report of the Committee on the bill for arming the fortifications. From this it would appear that the Committee have reduced the expenditure from 18,000,000 francs to 13,000,000 francs. The chief object of the report, however, appears to be to quiet the apprehensions of the good people of Paris in regard to the detached forts, by showing that they could not, under any circumstances, command the walls of Paris, which is out of the range of their guns, and which they do not even overlook. The *Journal des Debats* publishes the following list of the material required for the fortifications:—

"2,208 mortars, cannon, or howitzers, of iron or brass, of which 50 are to be Paixhans guns; 5,750 muskets for the ramparts; 200,000 infantry muskets; 1,500 fusées; 2,760 gun-carriages; 1,000,000 projectiles, such as bullets, bomb-shells, hand-grenades, requiring 9,129,000 kilograms of cast metal; 46,350 chests of balls, and 800,000 kilograms of pig-lead; 2,000,000 kilograms of gunpowder; 10,300,00 cartouches, and a bridge of 30 boats; besides an immense assortment of minor articles."

SWITZERLAND.—The Extraordinary Diet was prorogued indefinitely, by its President, on the 22d April, leaving the settlement of the several questions to the Ordinary Diet, which is to assemble in July; the Directory in the mean while to act at its own discretion. In his closing speech, the President apologized for the little that had been done by the Diet, on account of its limited powers and strict responsibility. He added—"I can venture to hope that the most dangerous crisis is past, and that at the opening of the ordinary Diet we shall be able to regard the future with greater security."

The loss of life at the battle of Lucerne appears to have been much exaggerated.

ELECTRIC CLOCKS.—The following extract, from a letter from Mr. Finlaison of Loughlin Hall, appears in a recent number of the *Polytechnic Review*:—Mr. Bain has succeeded to admiration in working electric clocks by the currents of the earth. On the 23th of August 1844 he set up a small clock in my drawing-room, the pendulum of which is in the hall, and both instruments in a voltaic circle as follows:—On the north east side of my house two zinc plates, a foot square, are sunk in a hole, and suspended by a wire, which is passed through the house to the pendulum first, and then to the clock. On the south

side of the house, at a distance of about forty yards, a hole was dug four feet deep, and two sacks of common coke buried in it; among the coke another wire was secured, and passed in at the drawing-room window, and joined to the former wire at the clock. The ball of the pendulum weighs nine pounds: but it was moved energetically, and has ever since continued to do so with the self-same energy. The time is to perfection; and the cost of the motive powers was only seven shillings and sixpence. There are but three little wheels in the clock, and neither weights nor spring; so there is nothing to be wound up.

The Queen and Prince Albert went to see the Great Britain steam-ship, at Blackwall, on Tuesday April 22d. The Royal pair were conveyed in an Admiralty-barge on board the Dwarf steamer, and proceeded to Blackwall. Having gone on board, the Queen and Prince paced its deck, and its immense length (322 feet, one third longer than the longest ship of the line) was pointed out to them; models of the engines and of the screw-propeller were shown, then the engines themselves, of 1,000 horse-power; the dining-room—with mirrors so arranged as to make its space seem almost boundless—the promenade-saloon, and the state-room; in short, all that was to be seen. And the ship was not adorned for the occasion, but, except a carpet or two here and there, was exhibited in its ordinary state. Mr. T. P. Smith, the patentee of the screw-propeller, was presented to the Queen, and offered a gold model of the propeller; which was graciously accepted. The reporters record some of the things that fell from the Royal lips. "Her Majesty, just previous to her departure, addressed Captain Hosken, and said, 'I am very much gratified with the sight of your magnificent ship, and I wish you every possible success on your voyage across the Atlantic.' Prince Albert asked when it was intended to start on the voyage; and upon Captain Hosken informing his Royal Highness that it would be either the latter end of July or the beginning of August, the Prince remarked, he supposed that Captain Hosken wished to save the equinox. Captain Hosken replied, that that was not so much the object as to make one or two voyages as speedily as possible, in order that the public may be perfectly convinced of the safety of the ship." Having spent about three quarters of an hour on board, the Queen and Prince Albert returned to the Dwarf, and so to Woolwich; where, re-entering their carriages, with cheers and responsive bows, they departed for Buckingham Palace.

ADMIRALTY, April 17.—Corps of Ryl Marines—Sec Lt S R Little to be First Lt, v F J White placed on h-f-p. **WAR-OFFICE, April 25.**—6th Drag Gds. Lt H Dawson, from the 67th Ft., to be Lt v Hankey, app to the Scots Fusilier Gds. 1st Drags—Lt J Morris to be Capt by pur v Lloyd, who rets; Cornet H J W King to be Lt by pur v Morris; H J T Stevens, Gent to be Cornet by pur v King. 14th Light Drags—Cornet J Coster to be Lt by pur, v Boalith, who rets; R T Woodman Gent, to be Cornet by pur v Coster. 1st Ft Gds—Maj and Col J Home to be Lt-Col without pur v Clive dec; Capt and Lt-Col L Boldero to be Maj with the rank of Col in the Army, v Home; Lt and Capt C Stuart to be Capt and Lt-Col, v Boldero. Scots Fusilier Gds—Lt F Hankey from the 6th Drag Gds, to be Ens and Lt v Sinclair app to the 67th Ft. 20th Ft.—Lt W T Wood, from the 79th Ft to be Lt v Murray, who ex. 21st Ft.—Capt. T. French, from 26th Ft., to be Capt. v French, who exchs.—26th Ft.: Capt. G. Fend from 21st Ft., to be Capt. v French, who exchs.—44th Ft.: Capt. W. Stevens, from 1st W. I. Regt., to be Capt. v Smith, who exchs.—67th Ft.: Ens. and Lieut. J. G. T. Sinclair, from the Scots Fusilier Guards, to be Lieut. v Dawson, app. to the 6th Drag. Gds.—69th Ft.: Lieut. W. M. Aitchison, from the Rifle Brigade, to be Lieut. v Inglis, who exchs.—75th Ft. Capt. C. Herbert to be Maj by pur. v England, who rets; Lieut. C. E. P. Gordon to be Capt. by pur. v Herbert; Ens. G. F. Berry to be Lieut. by pur. v Gordon; T. Milles, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v Berry.—79th Ft.: Lieut. H. Murray, from 20th Ft., to be Lieut. v Wood, who exchs.—84th Ft.: Lieut. W. Somerville, from 22d Ft., to be Lieut. v White, app. Paym. to 1st Drags.—86th Ft.: Lieut. G. B. Stoney to be Capt. without pur. v Lucas, dec; Ens. M. W. De la Poer Beresford to be Lieut. v Stoney; A. Macneill, Gent., to be Ens. v Beresford.—90th Ft.: Ens. and Adj. D. Davies to have the rank of Lieut.; Ens. W. V. Johnson to be Lieut. by pur. v S. Mackenzie, who rets; M F Ward, Gent to be Ens by pur v Johnson.—94th Ft.: Lt T Jones to be Capt by pur v O'Brien, who retires; Lt I S B P Boileau, from 22d Ft. to be Lt v Bayly prom; Ens R W N Vaughan to be Lt by pur v Jones; R D Knight, Gent to be Ens by pur v Vaughan.—97th Ft.: Capt T Power from h.-p. 60th Ft. to be Capt v R R Harris, who exchs; Lt G M Gowan to be Capt by pur v Power, who retires; Ens A R Harenc to be Lt by pur v Gowan; I W Reynolds, Gent to be Ens by pur v Harenc.—98th Ft.: J C Brown, Gent to be Assist-Surg v Weld app to the Staff—Rifle Brigade—Lt W S Warren to be Capt by pur v the Hon E G Monckton, who rets; Lt T C Inglis, from the 69th Foot, to be First Lt v Aitchison, who exchs; Second Lt H S B Bruce to be First Lt by pur v Warren; C Tinning, Gent to be Second Lt by pur v Bruce. 1st West India Regiment: Capt C H M Smith, from 44th Ft. to be Capt v Stevens, who exchs.—Ceylon Rifle Regiment—Lt J Burleigh to be Capt without pur, v Mackay, dec: Second Lt H J Bews, to be First Lt v Burleigh; T Cochrane, Gent, to be Second Lt v Bews.

Brevet.—Mjr J A Fullerton, of the 9th Light Drag, to be Lt-Col in the Army; Capt T Power, of the 97th Foot, to be Mjr in the Army; Capt W R Herries, of 3d Light Drag, to be Mjr in the Army.

Unattached.—Lt E S James, from 24th Ft., to be Capt without pur.

Hospital Staff.—Assit-Surg W W Weid, from 98th Foot, to be Assist-Surg to the Forces, v Carter, dec.

Memorandum.—The Christian names of Major Campbell, of the 91st Foot, are John Francis Glencairn, not James Frederick Glencairn, as previously stated. The name of the gentleman appointed to an Ensigny in the 41st Foot, on the 11th of April, 1845, is Francis Clark, not Clarke, as previously stated.

OFFICE OF ORDINANCE, April 26.—Royal Regt of Artil: Sec Capt A A Shuttleworth to be Capt v Trevor, ret on f-p; First Lieut G C Eveleigh to be Sec Captain, v Shuttleworth; Sec Lieut F H Chancellor to be First Lieut v Eveleigh.

WAR-OFFICE, May 2.—6th Regt. Ft.: Capt M G Dennis, to be Maj by pur v Pottinger, prom; Lieut E F Crowder to be Capt by pur v Dennis; Ens D H Ellington to be Lieut by pur v Crowder; C P Catty Gent to be Ens by pur., v Ellington. 10th Ft.: Lieut G L D Auriel, from 89th Ft., to be Lieut v Kuipe, who exchs.—24th Ft.: Capt C Lee, from the 59th Ft., to be Capt v Weir, who exchs.—37th Ft.—Lieut R R Pelly, from 52d Ft., to be Lieut v McClinton, who exchs.—52d Ft.: Lieut G A J McClinton, from 37th Ft., to be Lieut v Pelly, who exchs. 53d Ft.—Ens E A Noel to be Lieut by pur, v Walker, who rets; H F H Parker, Gent to be Ens by pur. v Noel. 59th Ft.: Capt J G Weir, from 24th Ft., to be Capt v Lee, who exchs.—60th Ft.: Capt H J Darell, from 85th Ft., to be Capt v Thurlow, who exchs. 68th

Ft—Lieut H A Oury to be Capt by pur, v Mackinnon, who rets; Ens the Hon H J. Noel, to be Lieut by pur, v Oury; the Hon D G Finch to be Ensign by pur v Noel. 70th Ft—Capt W M Bigge to be Maj by pur, v Brown, who rets; Lieut E F Edwards to be Capt by pur, v Bigge; En H Hennis to be Lieut by purchase, vice Edwards; P F De Quincy, Gent to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Hennis. 85th Foot—Capt the Hon J E H. Thorlow, from the 60th Foot, to be Capt vice Darell, who exchanges. 89th Foot—Lieut G M Knipe, from 10th Foot, to be Lieut vice Auriel, who exchanges. 92d Foot—Ensign G Warrender to be Lieut. by purchase, vice J C Gordon, who retires; W O'Brien H Buchanan. Gent to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Warrender. 1st West India Regt—Lieut A Robertson, from half-pay 1st Foot, to be Lieut vice Matthews, appointed Paymaster; Ensign C Grange to be Lieut by purchase, vice Robertson, who retires; A Tunstall, Gent, to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Grange. Unattached—Major W Pottinger, from 6th Foot, to be Lieut-Col by purchase.

Memorandum—Lieut-Col G F Thompson, of the Royal Engineers, has been permitted to retire from the Army, with the sale of an Unattached Lieut Colonelcy, he being about to become a settler in New Brunswick.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, April 30th.—Corps of Royal Engineers—Lieut-Col H W Vavasour to be Col vice Sir G Hoste, dec; Brevet Major R Kelsall to be Lieut-Col vice Vavasour; Sec Capt R K Dawson to be Capt; Sec Capt H Tucker to be Capt vice Kelsall; First Lieut J F A Symonds to be Sec Capt vice Tucker; Sec Lieut F M H Somerset to be First Lieut vice Symonds.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9½ a 93-4 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1845.

The Mail Steamer *Britannia*, brings English papers to the 4th inst. inclusive; the news, however, is of very little general importance, although of an exciting nature both within and without the walls of the British Imperial Parliament.

Cotton is quoted at a trifling advance and free sales. This looks well for the state of trade; and, indeed, the English journals are all agreed that seldom have commerce and manufactures been in so flourishing a condition, in all departments, as at this juncture. There is a very slight depression in the prices of Iron; but the cause is an obvious one, and such as always occurs in trade in suchlike circumstances. It seems that in consequence of the heavy demand for Iron, and the rapid rise in price, many who were hardly competent to speculate therein, made arrangements to take large quantities within stipulated and short periods, but not being able to make their payments good or to get the article off their hands so quickly as their eagerness anticipated, they have either refused to take the stipulated supplies, or those supplies have been stopped on account of non-payment. Thus, therefore, there is an unusual quantity, for the moment, in the hands of the Iron-masters, but that is of small importance, the stock is sure to go off, and the prices will be still higher than they have been.

The Queen and the Royal Family continue to enjoy good health; her Majesty continues to mingle greatly among her subjects and to observe that affable deportment which is so winning in personages of high station, and which together with the firmness and consistency of her public character continue to add to her well-deserved popularity. The Royal cortege have recently honoured the gallant and skilful Hosken with a visit on board his "Monster Steamer," the *Great Britain*; the scene seems to have been a most exciting one to the good denizens of the British Metropolis and its vicinity, and of a highly gratifying nature to the Royal visitor, who traversed the entire range of accommodations, and condescendingly lavished her praise and approbation of all that came under her observation. We shall shortly have this immense vessel, which is said to "walk the waters like a thing of life," among us, as Capt. Hosken informed Prince Albert that he expected to leave Liverpool for the Western world about the close of July. Elsewhere we have given this visit of the Queen more in detail.

As the time draws nearer for the purposed progress of her Majesty to Ireland, we find doubts are beginning to be suggested, difficulties to be surmounted, and fears to be insinuated as to the propriety of the visit, as to the safety of the proceeding, or at any rate as to the security of the Queen's feelings from personal affront and political outcry. O'Connell and "Young Ireland" have taken it into their addle pates that the Maynooth grant is a measure wrested from the government through the medium of its fears, and they are inclined to try the same plan a little farther, although they affect to feel a new-born good feeling towards the Premier for his perseverance and firmness in carrying out fully what he offers gracefully. It is true that these ultra repealers condescend to promise that they will toast the Queen's health, and that of the Ministry, and that they will not raise their cry within the hearing of their Royal visitor, but they announce their determination to proceed more vigorously than ever in the cause of Repeal, of which, they assert they are now about to enjoy the "first fruits." Bah! It was not until "Repeal" was substantially put down, that the minister would look at a meliorative measure at all; to have done so during the contest, would indeed have looked like a concession through fear. But the moment that its real motive could not be mistaken, the minister begins a series of measures which he had ascertained were strictly due to a portion of the empire which had too long been dealt with harshly, and which required a softening of rigors, some of which had been endured for nearly seven centuries. All this seemed evident to us, from the very beginning of the Repeal agitation, and many times have we pointed out the very course, cause, and effect, which has been and now is in progress for the benefit of that erring though injured people. As for the visit, the spirited and firm-hearted Queen will not easily be deterred from it, if once she has made up her mind thereon,

nor will her minister be the man to dissuade her Majesty from the intention; and, as for the Irish nation, that warm-hearted people will cherish her "as the apple of their eye," from the moment she sets foot on the sod till the last hours of their recollection. They are not a people impatient of injuries, though they do not forbear to cry out, and they are always sensible of kindness in word as well as in deed. The Queen may, eye and will go to Ireland this Summer, and her very presence among that chivalric people, will do more to crush and overwhelm "Repeal" than all the arms of her soldiery, all the gravity of her judges, and all the speeches of legislators in her Parliament.

The grand cause of uproar in England, meanwhile is proceeding triumphantly, the Maynooth Grant has passed through the Committee of the Commons, and upon the motion that it be received by the House, the minister gained an accession of twenty seven votes beyond those for its second reading. The whigs however cannot be content with their practical victory over Sir Robert Peel, they scourge him without mercy, they perceive that he winces under the torture, and they will overdo things by the rancour with which they pursue him. Granted that he is now doing what he would not allow them to do,—granted that it has been generally the practice of his political life to pick up the notions of those whom he has opposed and take credit to himself for carrying them out himself afterwards; he has been well schooled on that head in recent debates, and he has frankly admitted all the credit to the whigs on this ground, that they can by possibility desire; a generous enemy therefore should cease to persecute, and still more should cease to persecute one who, however late, sees as they see, and acts as they profess they would have acted. The opposition—several among the leaders of them, at least—have very injudiciously mixed up considerations of the Irish national Church, and proposals for a new constitution on that head, with the grant in question, thereby tending to impair the strength of the minister upon the very subject which they themselves profess warmly to advocate. The most forward of these is Mr. Macauley who, in the consciousness of great argumentative powers, and an adherence to a line of action on the premises, perfectly consistent we confess with his previous notions on the matter—with the continuance also, we regret, of their bitterness towards Sir Robert Peel for which he was always remarkable—is acting the part of the vicious cow that after yielding a copious supply of milk, kicks the pail over with her heels.

It is already perceptible to all sides of the House, and indeed throughout the country, that the present condition of the Irish Church is far from being one that will stand the test of inquiry, far from being regulated by laws of either abstract or practical justice; but this is not the time to intermeddle with it. If the legislature is about to bestow a boon, let it be done with grace and frankness, and not in a manner leading the recipients to say that a right has been tardily wrung from the government, for which no thanks are due, and which they consider but as the precursor of others to which they have equal pretensions. Give it with liberality and promptness, and then at early leisure begin to consider what other conciliatory measures can with propriety be adopted, without lessening the honor and dignity of the crown and its ministers, yet undeterred by that false shame which knows not how to acknowledge that errors have heretofore existed with regard to Irish institutions.

Sir R. Peel is thought to be in a ticklish position just now, and many imagine that although he may carry his measure in the present parliament, he will eventually lose his adherents, and consequently his power. No such thing. The clamour is a "vox et præterea nihil" produced by the Dissenters, who though comparatively few in number, are exceedingly vociferous. It is the effect of a practice humorously described by Butler, where

—Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic

Is beat with fist instead of a stick.

The members of the Anglican church are, almost to a man, in its favour, and we doubt not that at the next general election they will rally round those who have voted according to their consciences in this question. Sir R. Peel himself too will vastly increase the amount of his credit throughout the country, for wisdom and sagacity; and we have confident belief that his position will be strengthened rather than weakened at the next general election; besides which, there are not at present materials for constituting an effective ministry out of the Whig party. We perceive that Sir Thomas Fremantle has been a prominent opposer of the Premier in this matter, although an official of considerable responsibility, and the Duke of Richmond, who has a predominant influence over the borough of which Sir Thomas is a representative, is said to have declared his determination "to get rid of him" at the first opportunity.

We hear that the Duke, *par eminence*, is becoming touchy on the score of age and health, and that he still retains the military notions of authority, of his earlier years. His Grace has addressed a note to a London editor who ventured to allude to his probable indisposition, in rather petulant terms, and has used an expression therein which, as a military man, or indeed, as a man of honour it would be hard to brook. Of what calibre of feeling and sensitiveness does the noble Duke believe the tribe possessed? Surely there is neither harm nor malice in supposing the noble Duke, at his age, to be indisposed; nor in publishing his belief and regret; all this only argues the anxiety which all persons feel for his Grace, and the vivid recollections which are retained of his many and eminent services.

There are two other measures before the House of Commons at present, but they are generally popular, and will probably pass into law without material opposition. One of these has for its object the inclosure and cultivation of waste lands; now lands of this description besides being in an inferior condition for supplying the requirements of food and produce, are great objects of contention and injustice among those who consider themselves participants in the rigat of commonage, and hence litigation on the part of those persons,

and injury to cattle and property. There needs little argument upon a bill of this kind. The other is a bill to settle Irish and Scotch Banking on nearly the same principles as those recently established in England, the direct tendency of which is to render the condition of currency less mutable, the state of discounts less tempting to traders, and the security of banks less hazardous to commerce. Sir Robert Peel's explanation of his views upon bringing in this bill will be found under the Parliamentary head. The bill itself will undoubtedly be passed without difficulty.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORIES.

On Tuesday evening last the Rev. Dr. Hackley, Professor of Mathematics, &c., of Columbia College, gave a lecture on Astronomical Instruments and their applications, before a large and discriminating audience in the College Theatre. His main and professed object was to advocate the propriety and great usefulness of an Observatory for Astronomical purposes in the neighbourhood of this great commercial city. In order to do so the more effectually, he pointed out with great force the immense obligations of mankind in their general relations, and those of Commerce in particular, to the Divine Science of Astronomy. These are obvious enough when attention is called to them, but unfortunately we are too apt to be anxious after effects to allow ourselves to dwell upon causes of this nature. Admitting the facts, however, he argued the great utility if not the absolute necessity, of such an emporium of commerce and so large an *entrepôt* of shipping as New York, to possess an Astronomical Observatory upon a liberal scale of excellence. To strengthen his arguments the learned professor went into a minute and lucid description of various instruments peculiar to the purposes of such a place, as the Equatorial, the Mural Circle, the Transit Instrument, Reflecting and Refracting Telescopes, Astronomical Clocks, &c. &c. and afterwards read extracts from the letters of correspondents which detailed the amount and value of instruments both in this country and in Europe. After making, as we well believe, a due impression upon his audience by the clearness of his explanations and descriptions, and the zeal as well as truth of his deductions concerning their importance, he thus wound up his remarks:—

"You perceive that the plan proposed in the paper just read, takes for granted the expediency of connecting the Observatory with an institution of learning. The general control is vested in the Board of Trustees, whilst the active management of the Observatory is committed to five persons, two of whom would be professionally interested in its prosperity and efficiency for the ends for which it is created, a third is the proper representative both of the Board of Trustees, of which he is *ex officio* a member, and of the Faculty of the College, and the remaining two ought to be chosen at large from among the more active and competent aiders of the enterprise.

"It is believed that this plan will meet with general approbation. It removes the welfare of the Observatory from all danger of political interference, and gives it the same stable character of steady usefulness, which the College itself has always sustained.

"There are many circumstances which favour our undertaking at the present time.

"The late Professor of Astronomy in the College is now abroad, preparing himself, as you have seen, to become as distinguished in practical Astronomy as he is already in the Mathematical and Physical Mathematical Sciences.

"The expense, therefore, of sending a person to Europe, which the people of Cincinnati were obliged to encounter, will be saved, and a most accomplished Astronomer provided for the Observatory if need be at first without remuneration for his services. Though it is to be hoped that ultimately, if not immediately, a fund can be created to provide for salaries and current expenses.

"The building and instruments ought to cost from 20 to 40 thousand dollars, and there should be a Fund besides of from 50 to 100 thousand. It has been suggested that instead of attempting to raise this fund at once it might be better to obtain subscriptions of annual payments, amounting to not over five thousand dollars, until in time gifts and bequests may accumulate sufficiently to obviate the necessity.

"If the present effort is successful, as soon as a site and plan can be fixed upon, a portion of the building may be put up, and the instruments which we already have, mounted. Good service may be done by them, and the Observatory gaining friends by the constant exhibition of its utility. In addition to this it will be a school for the training of assistants, previous to the arrival of the larger instruments, which will be some two years in making after they are ordered. Besides the instruments before you, the College possesses a fine clock and a number of smaller Astronomical instruments of excellent quality, for the equal mounting.

"Such are the facilities which we possess. It remains to be seen whether such favorable circumstances will induce our city to discharge her obligations in the premises, to herself, to science, and to mankind.

"Every ship that goes from our harbor makes almost hourly use of the labours of Observatories; and shall one of the greatest Commercial cities in the world do nothing to support them. Shall so important a means of cultivating Science and developing the dormant talent which abounds among us be neglected? Shall every considerable city in Europe and many in our own country have their Observatories, and shall the Empire City and State have none? Shall it be for ever said by our Eastern and Southern neighbours, that New York has no taste for Science and Art? Let us demonstrate by the result of the present effort that these things are to be no longer.

"I will not conclude without suggesting a higher motive.

"Who knows but that God in his Gracious Providence designs these astonishing agencies of discovery to be the means of extensive revelations yet to be made to us of His Power, Wisdom, and Goodness. Who would be willing to be destitute of the evidence of them afforded by our knowledge of the Solar system? This knowledge is, however, small in comparison with that of which we appear, from numerous unequivocal indications, to be just on the threshold. Let us not then refuse our aid towards opening the door of the

great temple of the Universe, that mankind may enjoy perpetual vision of the glories within.

"Can we refuse it without a moral culpability for which we may have one day to answer?"

We most earnestly bid "God speed" to this excellent purpose, and have a confident belief that both wealth and liberality will be found in sufficient degree in New York and its vicinity to institute and support it. As the lecturer so forcibly urges "Astronomy has done much, very much for Commerce, will not Commerce in return do something for Astronomy?" We would respectfully commend this subject to the earnest consideration of the "Merchant Princes" of the great Western Emporium; and beg of them to recollect that whilst they shall thus be aiding Science, she will give them satisfactory assurance that every accession will result to their own advantage.

In last week's number of our Journal we commenced another of those admirable biographical papers from the pen of T. B. Macauley, which are so greatly and devotedly in request by the Reading Public. It is the life of Hildebrand, afterwards Gregory the Great, who successfully devoted himself to the aggrandisement of the Roman Church, about the close of the 11th century. We continue it to day, and it will well repay the trouble of perusal. We warmly commend it to the attention of our readers.

Our Readers will recollect the circumstance of a late meeting for the purpose of considering the propriety of establishing a place of worship for British Immigrants, in which the Rubric of the Church of England should be used. A Committee was at the time appointed, and we can now state that a second meeting will be held on Monday next at the Sunday school Room of St. John's Chapel, at which we presume the Committee will report, and further plans will be devised. We trust that the meeting will be well attended, particularly by English Residents. See Advertisement.

* * In litigation each party is of course desirous of availing himself of the best legal services he can procure; those of a commercial nature or arising out of commerce are the most frequent. In such a case we would commend, to our readers the advertisement of A. Watson, Esq., in our Journal this day, and we will take the liberty to add that a more zealous or more shrewd professional man they will rarely fall in with.

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS.—We have received the following letter from this distinguished vocalist, and are glad to perceive by it that although his splendid talents have been acknowledged at a late period, he has not been insensible to the impression he has made, nor is he ungrateful for the favours he has received, as to the *prospects* which have been held out to him.

Utica, May 12th, 1845.

"A. D. Paterson, Esq.—My Dear Sir,—Accept my best thanks for your kind critique on my farewell concert; in which you have echoed all that has been privately said to me; and I wish it was in my power to remain longer in America; but that is impossible; I must return and that immediately; but I am nothing daunted, I will return to the United States in a *twelvemonth* time and most likely with operas; though I have relinquished a large income in England I do not regret it; I have seen much, learnt more, and become acquainted with a most generous and noble people, who have music in their souls; for no goodness ever dwelt without it; I'll come again; and then if they tell me; that York is not wanted I'll like a very good and dutiful Boy stay at Home; again accept my warmest thanks, and believe me to be most faithfully,
Yours,
HENRY PHILLIPS.

FRENCH OPERA IN NEW YORK.—This excellent company is now en route for our city and the manager Mr. Davis will be here at the end of next week. Immense preparations are being made, to give on a grandiose scale the most esteemed modern operas. The following is a list of the principal scores intended to be sung by the French company, under the admirable direction of Mr. Eugene Prévost, who as a leader is beyond comparison the best ever known in New York:—"Robert le diable," 5 acts, music by Meyerbeer; "Les Huguenots" 5 acts, by de; "La Juive" 5 acts, by Halévy; "La Favorite" 5 acts, by Donizetti; "Guillaume Tell" 4 acts, by Rossini; "La Reine de Cypre" 5 acts, by Halévy.

All the foregoing scores are what the French call grand opera, that is to say without dialogue speaking. The following score are *opéras comiques*, viz. comedies with singing and music:—"L' Ambassadrice," 3 acts; "Le Domino noir," 3 acts; "La Part du Diable," 3 acts; "Zanetta," 3 acts; "Les diamants de la couronne," 3 acts. The music of all these by Auber.

"Don Pasquale," 3 acts, and "La Fille du regiment," 2 acts, by Donizetti. Instead of giving a short analysis of the plays which would be without much interest to our readers generally, we hope to be soon able to publish a series of biographical and critical sketches from the pen of a Parisian *critique musicale* whose reputation in such matters is well established both in Paris and New York.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. Anderson was induced by request to play the character of Ion in Talfourd's play of that name, on Thursday evening; being the first male representation of that character that has been seen here. He is by nature a fit representative of this very intellectual impersonation, Macready being too old, and Miss Tree too feminine for it. Mr. Anderson conceives and executes it in chaste style, but he laboured under the disadvantage of being the only distinguished personage in the cast. Ion needs the support of an excellent Adrastus and an impressive Clemanthe, and we cannot say much on either score at this representation. The public must bear in mind that this is Mr. Anderson's Farewell engagement; he will play Richard III. before his departure.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—Mr. Booth is performing here, and the regular drama thrives abundantly by the aid of this veteran actor, Mr. and Mrs. Wallack, and Mr. Marshall. Mrs. George Jones is engaged, and will shortly appear here.

DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

Painting.

ART UNION OF NEW YORK.

AMERICAN ARTISTS ABROAD.

It will be gratifying to all the connoisseurs and patrons of the Fine Arts, to know that another young American, George L. Brown of Boston, but who has been in Italy during some years, is rising into great distinction as a landscape painter; he has already won golden opinions on both sides the Atlantic,—he has few competitors even in Italy, and he bids fair, at no distant day, to transfer the palm, in this department of the Arts, from the *Oll* to the *New World*.

On opening a box of his pictures a few days since, in the Commercial house of Messrs. Cutters & Phelps, a number of Amateurs were present, and no sooner was it announced that one of the pictures *only* was for sale, than a gentleman seized it at once at \$500, before even the dust and mildew were brushed off. Some of those pictures may be seen for a few days at the Hall of the American Art Union, No. 322 Broadway; and every patron of the Fine Arts should go and see them. We add a brief description of the four which are temporarily placed there.

VESUVIUS AND THE BAY OF NAPLES.—From a point near Virgil's Tomb.—The view is one of a summer Sunset, in the glowing Italian peninsula. The city is in the partial indistinctness of evening, but the outline of it stands in clear relief. The foreground is of rich verdant and brown tints, groups of figures are happily put in with all the romance of appearance which distinguishes the costumes and habits of those who people the banks of the Mediterranean. The water in the bay blue softened into grey and white, and studded with small vessels, a warm yellow sky, and Vesuvius rearing its head in the distance with its sides glistening in purple and other rich tints. The perspective is well preserved.

FLORENCE, FROM THE GIARDINO DI BOBOLI.—This is a most gorgeous scene, the middle and far distances being of rich and varied colouring, the valley of the Arno being a crowded but not disordered mass of cultivated scenery dotted with buildings and villages; the city as seen below the point of sight is moderately distinct, and the colouring filled in with reds and browns; it is relieved by the river and the bridges; near the foreground is the palace of the Grand Duke, with a magnificent *Jette d'Eau* before it. The foreground consists of a grand garden and terraces adorned with statuary, and relieved with a tasteful group of figures near a bosquet; splendid drapery is hung on the trees as it were to shade the group; the landscape is in rich repose, the sky warm with yellow and red hues, giving an air of voluptuous luxury to the scene.

FEAST OF ST. JOHN (24th June).—The scene represents the river Arno as it runs through Florence, and the spectator looks up that beautiful river, with the view of the city on both banks, interrupted only by a bridge across it at the middle distance, and having the mountains in the distance thrown into a warm indistinctness by the rays of the setting sun being interposed between them and the observer. This is by far the most splendidly executed picture of the four which are here; and the filling in as well as the grouping is most artistic. The Bridge, and the terrace on the right, are filled with people assembled to enjoy the "Festa," the river is crowded, without confusion, with gondolas, fishing-boats, and other vessels, persons engaged with nets, some wading in the stream and others letting them down from the bridge; the houses adorned with draperies, flags, &c., at all the windows. It is a rich and moving scene, and all the parts abundantly but chastely filled up.

CASTELLA DI OVA.—This is a prominent building at the southern extremity of the Bay of Naples. A numerous and apparently active group are in front; vessels, and nets hung to dry, are skilfully executed in the right foreground, the waves finely put in, and the glowing sides of Vesuvius are in the distance. By the bye, we are not able to make the position of this castle in the picture harmonise with its position here, and did all these belong to one owner it would be an unpleasant occupation to strive to do so. The first two of these are the property of Rev. E. M. Sawtell of this city, and the latter two belong to C. Tiffany, Esq., of Baltimore.

We cannot conclude without expressing our regret that the purchasers of the other two (there were six in all) have not yet permitted them to be seen here. We trust they will do so before they shall be withdrawn into the saloons of the owners, which they will doubtless greatly adorn.

HISTOIRE DE SAMSON. NEUF DESSEINS PAR M. DECAMPS.

Paris, April 23

On my former visits to the Louvre, I omitted to mention, and indeed to see, a work which has given me a higher idea of French art than I had before conceived. I mean M. Decamps' drawings illustrative of the story of Samson. They contain a treasure of great thoughts and poetical images such as it rarely falls to our lot to discover in modern designs. Some French critics have suggested their resemblance to the works of Martin. They reminded me much more of those of Blake—an artist whose name, you will not be surprised to hear, is unknown here, since it is hardly known in England. There is in M. Decamps' drawings the same character, unlike, and above, all the men and things we are conversant with: a character of august and solemn simplicity, which the imagination readily adopts as that of oriental and patriarchal life—in a word, as Biblical. Martin deals more with the gorgeous and populous cities of the later periods of Jewish history, while M. Decamps' lays his scene in the stern and boundless desert, or amid the rude and massive architecture of the remotest ages. Thus, though he is free from Blake's glaring defects and wild extravagancies, no one who has studied that singular production, the illustrations of the book of Job, can fail to think of it while looking at this remarkable series.

The subject of the first is, 'The Annunciation of the Birth of Samson to his parents.' The landscape is wonderfully grand, wild and solemn. On the left, in the distance, two palms on a rising ground; on the right, a solitary caruba, the forms of which those who remember the dark green tufts which relieve the scorched rocks of the South, will instantly recognise. Foreground bare and stony; hills in the distance. A little on the right, the rock which serves as an altar for the sacrifice of the chosen parents; from this ascends a diagonal column of flame and smoke, borne on which the angel mounts to heaven in an attitude of great authority and grandeur.

As in a fiery column charioting
His Godlike presence.

At a little distance, Manoah and his wife are kneeling; he, with his face prostrate to the earth; she, in an attitude of more astonished and passive veneration, motionless, with her arms folded across her breast. The whole is clad in the sublimity and mystery of the infant world, the wildness of yet untamed nature, the deep reverence of man under the visible hand of God, and the visible ministry of his angels.

2. 'The Combat with the Lion.' This, though it contains very striking details, is not, I think, one of the happiest of the series. The attitude of Samson is fine, but there is something half painful, half grotesque in that of the lion. Samson stands with his right foot on a piece of rock, his left rooted on the ground; his right hand grasps the throat of the huge beast, whom he thus holds suspended, while with his left he wrenches the fore-leg. The left corner of the landscape contains a beautiful group of oriental trees.

3. 'Samson watching the burning of the Philistines' Cornfields.' Landscape of a solemn and savage character; only relieved by a flock of sheep and a shepherd, and by some other very slight indications of the dwelling and works of man. The compact mass of the flock is in fine contrast with the wild flight of the foxes, whose scattered and devastating course we trace by the columns of smoke ascending here and there across the long horizontal streaks of the western sky, and by some gleams of flame in the general dimness of the twilight landscape. The main figure is admirable; Samson, seated on a piece of rock, with his shepherd's crook thrown behind him, contemplates with intense delight and exultation the success of his stratagem. Bending forward with eager joy, he grasps one foot which is crossed over the other knee, while his raised eyebrow, severed lips, and breathing nostril, give him an air of something between the triumph of a hero, and the mischievous joy of a schoolboy. Nothing can be more expressive.

4. 'The Gates of Gaza.' Perhaps the finest of the series. Imagine a sky of uniform and cloudless darkness, faintly lit up by a crescent moon. On the left and centre, the outlines of the city walls—heavy, cyclopean masses—sleeping in the still night. Nothing is stirring. The foreground—a rugged declivity, in the clefts of which you faintly discern stunted trees. On the right, a steep ascent, "the hill of Hebron," up which the solitary figure of the chosen Israelite, projected by the faint moon light, is seen striding with portentous steps under the load of the city gates. But I feel how little I can give any idea of the sublimity of this design. The darkness, the profound repose, the monotonous succession of huge angular outlines (of which the monstrous gates form a part) cutting the night sky; and then—the only things that have life and motion—the solitary and comparatively diminutive figure of "the heaven gifted man,"—and the pale and delicate moon that looks down on the wonder.

5. 'The Rout of the Philistines.' Samson unarmed ("weaponless himself") and nearly naked, brandishing the jawbone of the ass in his right hand, is pursuing the armed host which flees before him—"spurning them to death by troops." The figure is nobly conceived and finely drawn. There is nothing of the huge bulk and exaggerated display of muscle which are generally given to the pagan types of strength. The frame of the Hebrew champion is athletic, but youthful, agile, and graceful. The only portentous feature is the mass of coal black hair, waving like a banner in the wind—or, to speak more correctly, streaming, with the rapid motion of the body. The back which is turned to us, is full of elastic vigour, called into action by "youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts." On a rising ground on the left, under a group of cedars, stand a party of Israelites, spectators of the strange rout. These tranquil figures and umbrageous trees, are a welcomed relief from the tumult of the foreground. I do not much like the Roman armour of the Philistines in spite of Milton's authority for the "hammered cuirass" and the "crested helmets." They break that remarkable harmony which generally characterizes these drawings.

6. "Samson starting from the Couch of Dalila on hearing the approach of the Philistines." As I see little to admire in this, I had rather say nothing about it. It may have merits which escape me.

7. "Samson shorn of his miraculous locks, borne out a prisoner." There are very fine features in this, though it does not appear to me equal to several others. Let us pass on to

8. "Samson grinding corn in prison." Admirable in conception and execution, full of profound thought and feeling. The once resistless hero—the man "separate to God, designed for high exploits," is here before us in his fallen estate, "debased lower than bondslave." The arms are pressing on the pole which turns the mill; the body and head bent forward: the muscular legs loaded with chains and bolts, he is plodding on with the heavy monotonous motion prescribed by his weary toil—"the labour of a beast." The posture of the head tells at once his blindness, and his profound dejection. The gaoler sits looking at his mighty captive with a wonder no custom can extinguish, and not unmixed with pity. Through the grated windows we see some of the enemies, whose "scorn and gaze" he is become, looking at the miserable wreck—

Of that invincible Samson, far renowned
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to angels', walked their streets,
None offering to fight; who, single combatant
Duelled their armies ranked in proud array,
Himself an army: now unequal match,
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length!

Yet even from this utter desolation the artist has contrived to give us some faint anticipation of an issue. The noble head once more clothed with its miraculous locks, has an air of that resolute resignation which accepts the extremity of chastisement, and prepares for the extremity of action. Great sins, great woes, great resolves, lie heavy on that mighty brow; and we feel an

Ahnung (to borrow an inimitable word) that all is not over, and that his "glorious strength" is yet to be put forth in the service of Him who gave it. Meanwhile he executes his painful and servile drudgery in patience, inwardly saying—

Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me
But justly.

Let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment.

This drawing seems to me as full of the mysterious foreboding of destiny as a Greek tragedy, or as Milton's poem. The light which streams through the barred windows, and falls sharply on the great captive in keeping with the moral chiaroscuro of the picture—thick gloom, pierced by some rays from heaven.

No. 9 is the closing scene of the great drama. Samson, with his extended arms resting on the two main pillars of the temple, has just "bowed himself" and the ponderous masses are reeling from their centres. The affrighted and falling groups are finely drawn, and I fancied I could discover in them a careful study of such works as the *Incendio del Borgo*. The figure of the blind and captive hero, thus accomplishing his doom, and involving in it the enemies of his God and of his race, is worthy to close these noble compositions. A few moments more, and all will be accomplished, and we may pronounce over the "faithful champion" who has so nobly expiated his frailties, the sublime words of Milton—

Living or dying, thou hast fulfilled
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel; and now liest victorious
Among thy slain, self killed,
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire necessity.

And here it strikes me that you will probably think I have read M. Decamps' drawings by the light of our great poet's imagination;—so singular is the coincidence between what appear to me to be the conceptions of the one, with the language of the other. So far from this being the case, I had not read Samson Agonistes for so long a time that though I retained a full impression of its grandeur I had no recollection of a line it contains, except the few engraven on my memory by their marriage with Handel's music. I took it up, not only after I returned from the Louvre, but after I had written the whole of what is now before you. As I read, the astonishing resemblance in the thoughts of the two men of genius struck me so powerfully, that I could not resist helping out my own imperfect attempt to give an idea of what seemed to me the intention of the artist, with the great words of the poet. I cannot help conjecturing that M. Decamps must be familiar with them; for however sublime the simple narrative of the Bible, it leaves sufficient scope to the imagination, to allow of very different filling up of the details; as, indeed, innumerable designs from it prove. If the coincidence in question is accidental, it is another proof of the idleness of the charge of plagiarism—often brought against the most original genius.

PROCESS OF ANASTATIC PRINTING.

MR. FARADAY'S LECTURE.

Mr. Faraday commenced his lecture at the Royal Institution on Friday evening last, by expressing his fears that, not being in any way connected with the subject, he might not plead so zealously in its favour as he did when he brought before them his own inventions; but if he did not render the subject quite clear, it was to be considered as entirely his own fault, the inventor having placed every information at his disposal. He hoped to be able, even during the short time allotted to the lecture, to show practically the process, as the workman, extremely skilful in the science, could show practically the working. The word "anastatic" signified, he was informed by scholars, a raising up; in other words, a revival of what might be considered as dead and useless. Having given this definition of the name, before showing its workings, he had most distinctly to repudiate the slightest intention of in any way recommending it or pledging himself for its success. However it might eventually turn out, his opinion could never be brought against him, for he had given none. He considered this caution necessary, as he found his name constantly brought forward as recommending this theory, or identified indeed with things with which he had not the slightest acquaintance. That very day indeed, he had received a letter upon his supposed advocacy of perpetual motion. His duty was but to explain, as clearly and briefly as he could, the invention now before them. It consisted in a plan of printing from a printed page, or an engraving, any number of copies. He would, to show the principle, take at random a leaf from the book, and give it over to the worker, and they would see the process in all its stages. They would observe that he wetted first the print freely with dilute nitric acid. (The proportions the lecturer did not state, but we should judge its strength to be at least one of acid to four of water.) This was allowed to stand for some time—a few minutes would be sufficient in the present case; and they would next remark the extreme care of the worker to remove the excess of acid. This was effected by pressure between sheets of bibulous or blotting paper; this sheet was then placed upon a plate of polished zinc. He would draw attention to the extreme care with which the worker was polishing the plate; the slightest speck would be sufficient to injure the impression. His hearers would now see the system; the acid would soak through the paper, but on those places where the printing was the acid could not penetrate. Printers' ink, as they were aware, was composed of lamp-black and a preparation of linseed-oil, and this effectually defended the plate from the acid. "The wetted paper and the plate are then submitted to heavy pressure between two rollers, and the plate is, as you see, strongly acted upon by the water; it is now washed with gum-water, and this, though an apparently unimportant part of the process, is of great practical importance; it would appear to have a most decided repulsive action on the ink. The plate can now be submitted to the action of the inked roller; the parts protected by the printing will alone receive the ink, and in order to render this more decided, the zinc plate is now washed with phosphoric acid; the action of this acid is exceedingly obscure; the phosphoric has no advantage over the nitric or muriatic, but the difference where the phosphoric is used is exceedingly apparent. Phosphoric acid is easily made, by leaving phosphorus in water exposed to the action of the atmosphere; the phosphorus absorbs oxygen, and forms the phosphoric acid. The worker, you see, uses considerable force in his operations with the gum water and the phosphoric acid; his experience has shown him that the printing ink adheres now with some firmness, and you will be able to see the process of the printing. I hand over to the chairman, as your representative, the impression just worked off; you will, after the lecture, find it perfect. But it would be unfair to judge of the

practical working by the process now working amidst the excitement and bustle attendant upon the lecture. I will now call your attention to the repulsive action of water and oil. You are aware that when two smooth surfaces wetted with either oil or water are pressed together, they cohere with considerable force; there is but little difficulty in sticking them together, though my strength is hardly sufficient to tear them apart; this is not, as was formerly supposed, the cohesion of the surfaces, but the attraction of particles of water for water. We are indebted to Dr. Henry, of America, for the peculiarly instructive papers and experiments he has published, which, though out of place here, I hope, ere the season closes, to have the pleasure of again alluding to. (Great applause.) I will pour upon this plate some coloured water, and drop on it some oil, the water is, you see, driven to the sides; and this effect is even seen more strongly when I cover first the plate with oil, and pour on the water; it slides, as you see, over the plate; each, as it were, keeps possession in defiance of the other the first applied holding possession; and this is probably one cause why, after so many impressions, the printing keeps distinct, the repulsive action of the water pressing up the ink in place of allowing it to spread, even though it remains for some time soft. The possibility of taking impression by pressure has been well known a long time: by rubbing this newspaper strongly, with a piece of wood, against this damp paper, I can obtain a very fair impression, though the force I can employ is of course not for a moment to be compared to the even and powerful pressure of the printing press. Now metallic plates resist strongly water when very highly polished, though, as you observe, I may pour water on this plate: its surface is not tarnished; the water moves lazily, like a slug, upon its surface. A little mucilage will at once remove this difficulty; the gum enables it to spread smoothly over the surface. There is not quite sufficient mucilage here, (this experiment failed,) but on the addition of a little more the effect is at once apparent. But I will play further tricks with this plate; I will direct the man to rub off the impression from the plate,—and this can be done easily by turpentine,—and the plate will be to all appearance as before it was first submitted. Before doing so I will have first the plate entirely inked over; every part is now covered. I place my finger on any part, and you observe it covered with the ink, marking whatever I now touch. The worker will rub it with his cloth, and take an impression. You will observe that the rubber has moved the ink only from those places to which it was not first applied, and the printing is as clear as before. He will now move off the ink entirely, and you would believe that the plate was now destroyed: but no; the parts, once inked, though every atom of grease has been removed, will still receive only the ink, while the other parts will as before, reject it; and again, you see, the printing goes on without hindrance. Eight thousand impressions have been, we believe, taken, without the slightest difference between the first and the last in point of deterioration: indeed the order of perfection is generally reversed, the first being the most incomplete. In the copying by this process the old printing, there was a great difficulty presented by the dryness of the ink, which becomes nearly brittle: to remove this the paper was sponged with a solution of potash: this would soften the ink. The potash was afterwards removed by soaking the paper in a solution of tartaric acid. The paper becomes covered with the glistening crystals of bitartrate of potash, cream of tartar. These crystals refuse to mingle with, or to receive, the ink of the printers; and the printed parts alone receiving it, a very excellent impression can be made by re-inking the print before it is applied to the plate. A few specimens are before you: their genuineness is at once apparent from the style of the type, which no printer of the present day would use."

Mr. Faraday concluded his highly instructive lecture by returning his thanks to the inventors for the facilities and assistance they had given him.

Among the objects of interest exhibited in the reading room, were some very rough illustrations of Professors Wheatstone's moving figures—red figures on a dark ground.

THE BRIDGEWATER GALLERY—Some account of the formation and dispersion of the Orleans Gallery has already been given. The Italian part of the collection had been mortgaged for £40,000 to Harman's banking house, when Mr. Bryan, a celebrated collector and picture-dealer, and author of the "Dictionary of Painters," induced the Duke of Bridgewater to purchase the whole as it stood for £43,000. The pictures, amounting to 305, were then valued separately by Mr. Bryan, making a total of £72,000; and from among them the Duke selected ninety-four of the finest, at the prices at which they were valued, amounting altogether to 39,000 guineas. The Duke subsequently admitted his nephew, the Earl Gower, and the Earl of Carlisle, to share his acquisition, resigning to the former a fourth part, and to the latter an eighth of the whole number thus acquired. The exhibition and sale of the rest produced £41,000; consequently the speculation turned out most profitably; for the ninety-four pictures, which had been valued at £39,000, were acquired, in fact, for £2,000. The forty-seven retained for the Duke of Bridgewater were valued at £23,130. * * * The Duke of Bridgewater already possessed some fine pictures; and, after the acquisition of his share of the Orleans Gallery, he continued to add largely to his collection, till his death in 1803, when he left his pictures, valued at £150,000, to his nephew George, first Marquis of Stafford, (afterwards first Duke of Sutherland). During the life of this nobleman, the collection, added to one formed by himself when Earl Gower, was placed in the house in Cleveland Row; and the whole known then, and for thirty years afterwards, as the Stafford Gallery, became celebrated all over Europe. On the death of the Marquis of Stafford, in 1833, his second son, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, taking the surname of Egerton, inherited, under the will of his grand-uncle, the Bridgewater property, including the collection of pictures formed by the Duke. The Stafford Gallery was thus divided: that part of the collection which had been acquired by the Marquis of Stafford fell to his eldest son, the present Duke of Sutherland; while the Bridgewater Collection, properly so called, devolved to Lord Francis Egerton, and has resumed its original appellation, being now known as the Bridgewater Gallery. Mrs. Jameson.

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WATERLOO, W. H. Allen, Aug. 11	WATERLOO, 900 tons, May 26.

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The price of cabin passage to Liverpool is fixed at \$100. The owner will not be responsible for any letter, parcel, or package, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to ROBERT KERMIT, 74 South-street. (My24-ly.)

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James	F. R. Meyers	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland	R. H. Griswold	10, 10, 10	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladiator	R. L. Bunting	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator	J. M. Chadwick	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	20, 20, 20
Switzerland	E. Knight	10, 10, 10	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec	F. B. Heyard	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria	E. E. Morgan	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1	20, 20, 20
Wellington	D. Chadwick	10, 10, 10	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Fredrick Hudson	G. Moore	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert	W. S. Sebor	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	20, 20, 20
Orontoe	E. G. Tinker	10, 10, 10	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster	Hovey	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st. My24-tf.

A MEETING in furtherance of the formation of a FREE CHURCH for the more immediate use of British Emigrants, will be held on Monday evening, the 26th inst., at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the Sunday School Room of St. John's Chapel. The attendance of all who are favorably disposed towards so desirable an object is hereby very earnestly solicited. By order of the Committee, THOMAS DIXON, Sec'y. My24.

CASTLE GARDEN.

THESE spacious premises have at length been opened in most excellent style: no description can adequately convey a notion of its numerous excellencies. The Italian Opera Troupe are there, the Ellsler Brothers, the unsurpassed Cline, all the Orchestral talent of the City, and on Sundays, there will be a selection of Sacred Music for the Million, at 12 cents Admission—the seriously disposed may view the great works of the Creator from the promenades outside the walls, while the more cheerful may lift up their hearts in Sacred Song. Operas on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. My17-6m.

THE EYE.

DR. POWELL & DR. DIOSY.

Oculists and Ophthalmic Surgeons.

HAVE removed to the premises lately occupied by Dr. ELLIOTT, No. 261 BROADWAY, corner of Warren Street. Their practice is exclusively confined to DISEASES OF THE EYE, Operations upon that Organ and its Appendages, and all Imperfections of Vision. Dr. POWELL studied for five years with the celebrated Dr. JACOB of Dublin, (the discoverer of the "MEMBRANA JACOBI" in the Eye). Dr. DIOSY was a Pupil of Dr. ELLIOTT for a similar period.—Terms moderate.—The poor treated gratuitously. Artificial Eyes inserted. Entrance 11 Warren Street. My17-tf.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, CONSTANTLY FOR SALE BY EDMUND BALDWIN, No. 155 Broadway, New York.

1. A Series of Geographical Maps, forming a complete Modern and Ancient Atlas, comprising 106 Nos.: The Stars in 6 Maps; The Terrestrial Globe on the Gnomonic Projection in 6 sheets, and an Index to the Principal places in the World. Also, handsomely bound in 2 vols., 1 Russia.

2. The Library of Useful Knowledge. Of the First Series of this Work, 226 Nos. are published, and of the New series 53 Nos., any of which may be procured separately to complete sets.

3. The Farmers' Series of the Library of Useful Knowledge.—Forming a complete Farmer's Library,—consisting of the following subjects:—

1. The Horse, complete in one volume.

2. Cattle, " " "

3. Sheep, " " "

4. British Husbandry, in 3 vols., published also in numbers. Any Volume or Nos. sold separately.

* English Books in every branch of Literature imported to order, by every Packet and Steamer. My10-tf.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF LONDON.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL £500,000 STERLING, OR \$2,500,000.

ADVANTAGES ARE HELD OUT BY THIS INSTITUTION WHICH CAN BE OFFERED BY NO OTHER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING AN AGENCY IN THE UNITED STATES.

General Agent for the United States, and British North American Colonies.

J. LEANDER STARR, No. 74 Wall Street, New York.

Physicians to the Society, (Medical Examiners)

J. KEARNY RODGERS, M.D., 110 Bleecker Street.

ALEXANDER E. HOSACK, M.D., 101 Franklin Street.

BANKERS.

The MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

SOLICITOR.

WILLIAM VAN HOOK, Esq., 39 Wall-street.

AGENCIES established in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Alexandria, Richmond, and in several of the Principal Towns in New-England, New-York State, Pennsylvania and Virginia.

The rates of this Society are as low as those of the American Companies, and LOWER THAN THE SCALE ADOPTED BY MANY LONDON OFFICES. Loans granted to the extent of two-thirds the amount of premium paid—after the lapse of a year.

The admirable system of Life Insurance which this Institution has organized, and which has secured for it such marked distinction in Europe, has obtained for it the highest favor in America. During the short period of its establishment in the United States, its principles have now the unqualified approval of many eminent men; and the patronage it has received fully tests the public confidence in its favor. A pamphlet has been published by the General Agent, and can be obtained at his office, explanatory of Life Insurance in general, and of the N. L. F. Society's system in particular.

Persons insured in the United States on the scale of "participation," enjoy the important advantage of sharing in the whole business of the Society, which in Great Britain is very extensive.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this Institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

The General Agent is authorized to accept risks in sums not exceeding \$15,000 each on a single life, and to bind the Society from the date on which the premiums are actually paid to him. This authority is deposited for security with J. J. Palmer, Esq., the President of the Merchants' Bank in New York.

Pamphlets containing the last Annual Report, and much general information, together with the Society's rates—also, blank forms; and the fullest information may be obtained upon application to any Agent or Sub Agent.

A Medical Examiner in attendance at the office daily, at 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society. The expense of stamp duty need not be incurred.

Example of Rates—for the Assurance of \$100 on a Single Life.

PREMIUMS PAYABLE ANNUALLY.

Age next Birth Day.	For one year only.	For Five Years.	FOR LIFE.	
			Without profits.	With profits.
15	\$0 77	\$0 81	\$1 47	\$1 64
20	0 86	0 90	1 68	1 87
25	0 98	1 05	1 93	2 14
30	1 21	1 30	2 22	2 46
35	1 46	1 54	2 54	3 88
40	1 61	1 64	2 93	3 26
45	1 73	1 78	3 47	3 85
50	1 94	2 06	4 21	4 68
55	2 54	2 96	5 28	5 86
60	3 43	4 25	6 68	7 42

PROFITS.—The following examples are given of the Profits distributed at the last Annual Meeting of the Society, which was held in London in May, 1844.

Age.	Sum Assured.	Annual Premium.	Policy taken out in	Bonus in addition to sum assured.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction in annual premium.
60	\$5000	\$370 85	1837	\$832 32	\$386 26	\$60 93
			1838	720 52	421 38	49 08
			1839	584 00	256 48	37 98

There are tables for single lives, joint lives, survivorships of two or three lives, endowments for children, &c. &c. Tables also for ANNUITIES, both immediate and deferred.—All these tables have been calculated from sterling into dollars and cents.

References of the highest character in the United States given to applicants, if required, as to the standing, wealth, and security of the above Institution.

Travelling leave endorsed on the policy is extensive and liberal, and the extra premiums for sea risk and unfavorable climates as moderate as is consistent with prudence. My24-tf.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, Resident in N. York.

Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.

Sold by the Proprietors, **THOMAS ROBERTS & Co.**, 9 Crane Court, London, and
Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States.
Mr. 13-4f.)

ALBION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING, or \$5,000,000.

General Agents for the United States of America,
JOSEPH FOWLER and R. S. BUCHANAN,
No. 37 Wall Street, New York.

JOHN W. FRANCIS, Esq., M.D., No. 1 Bond Street.

J. C. BEALES, Esq., M.D., 543 Broadway.

The Bank of Commerce.

Solicitors,
Charles Edwards, Esq., 51 Wall Street.

The undersigned are now authorized to receive proposals for insurances on single and joint lives, for survivorship annuities, &c. &c., at the same rates they are taken in London—which they are ready to effect at once, without primary reference to the Court of Directors.

The superior advantages offered by this Company consist in Perfect security, arising from a large paid up Capital, totally independent of the premium fund,—in the Triennial distribution of eighty per cent. or four-fifths of the Profits, returned to the Policy holders,—which, at their option, will be paid

In Cash, or applied in augmentation of the sum insured, or in reduction of the annual premium.

Example of Rates for the Insurance of \$100 on a Single Life.

Age next birth day.	For ONE Year.	For SEVEN Years.	For whole Life without profits.	For whole Life with profits.
20	92	96	1 70	1 92
25	93	1 03	1 92	2 17
30	1 06	1 13	2 19	2 48
35	1 18	1 25	2 55	2 88
40	1 31	1 44	3 00	3 39
45	1 55	1 80	3 61	4 08
50	2 01	2 41	4 41	4 99

The Albion Life Insurance Company was established in the year 1805, and it consists of a highly respectable body of Proprietors, who, independently of the large paid-up Capital and accumulated profits of the Company, are individually liable, to the extent of their respective shares, for all the Company's engagements. The period of its existence, FORTY YEARS, the responsibility of its proprietors, and the amount of its capital, constitute an unexceptionable security that the engagements of the Company will be strictly fulfilled; and when it is considered that the fulfilment of the engagements of a Life Office is seldom called for until twenty, thirty or forty years after those engagements have been contracted, it will be felt that not only the present but the future solvability of the Company is of paramount importance to the policy holder.

American Policy holders are entitled to participate in the English Profits, and in every respect are put upon the same footing as the oldest Policy holder, participating in the first division of profits.

The requisite forms for effecting insurances, and all information relative thereto, may be obtained of the Company's fully-empowered Agents.

JOSEPH FOWLER, } Agents, 27 Wall-street.
R. S. BUCHANAN, }

Mr. 1-1f.]

PHRENOLOGY.

FOWLER'S Free PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET OF THE BUSTS AND SKULLS of distinguished men, criminals, and rare animals,—No. 131 Nassau Street,—where may also be had **FOWLER'S PHRENOLOGY**; the **PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL**, a Monthly work of 32 pages, having an extended circulation, and becoming highly popular; **PHRENOLOGY** applied to Education and Self-improvement, and Matrimony, Memory, Hereditary Descent, &c. &c. **PHRENOLOGICAL BUSTS** for Learners, &c. **PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS** with Professional advice and directions for Self-improvement, the Preservation and Restoration of Health, the Management of Children, &c. Probably no other way can money be better spent than in obtaining that knowledge of one's self, and of human nature given by this science of man. [Mr. 1-4m.]

TO EMIGRANTS.

AND OTHERS MAKING REMITTANCES TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

DRAFTS FOR ANY AMOUNT on all the Branches of THE PROVINCIAL BANK, IRELAND, and THE NATIONAL BANK, SCOTLAND, can be obtained of

RICH'D BELL &
WM. McLACHLAN.

6 and 7 Dorset Buildings, Hanover-St.

Also, **BILLS** on the BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, LONDON, and its Branches in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. [Mr. 8-6m.]

WILSON'S HOTEL & DINING ROOMS.

No. 5 Gold Street, (near Maiden Lane), New York.

HENRY WILSON (late of Brooklyn) begs to inform his friends, and the Public generally, that he has opened the above Establishment, and he respectfully solicits the patronage of all who are fond of good and substantial living, and comfortable accommodations.

The house has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished in every department and the very best of every description of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, Domestic and Imported Ales and Ports, will be provided.

An ordinary will be served up every day from 1 to 3 o'clock P.M.; and refreshments will be furnished at any hour during the day and evening.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

THE Great Western Steam-ship Co.'s steam ship **GREAT WESTERN**, Captain Matthews; and their new Iron Steam-ship **GREAT BRITAIN**, Capt. Hosken, are appointed to sail during the year 1845, as follows:—

FROM LIVERPOOL.			FROM NEW-YORK.		
Great Western	Saturday	17th May	Great Western	Thursday	12th June
Great Western	do	5th July	Great Western	do	31st July
Great Britain	do	2d Aug.	Great Britain	Saturday	30th Aug.
Great Western	do	23d Aug.	Great Western	Thursday	18th Sept.
Great Britain	do	27th Sep.	Great Britain	Saturday	25th Oct.
Great Western	do	11th Oct.	Great Western	Thursday	6th Nov.
Great Britain	do	22d Nov.	Great Britain	Saturday	20th Dec.

Passage money per Great Western, from New-York to Liverpool, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.

For freight or passage, apply to
New-York, Jan. 27, 1845.

RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front-street.
N.Y. 10-1f.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	1, Dec. 1, April 1
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Feb. 16, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 16, May 16	1, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1	1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 16, June 16	1, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1	1, Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,
and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places. Ap. 20-1f.

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,

SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of those Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),

W & J T. TAPSCOTT,

South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool—

WM. TAPSCOTT, GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 96 Waterloo Road.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pusules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Scatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groined hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with re-generated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following certificate recently received will be read with interest, and for further proof the reader is referred to a pamphlet which is furnished without charge by all the Agents:—

New York, Dec. 1, 1843.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen—Parental feelings induce us to make the following statement of facts in relation to the important cure of our little daughter, wholly effected by the use of SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA. For nearly three years she was afflicted with a most inveterate eruption on the body, which at times was so bad, connected with internal disease, that we despaired of her life. The complaint commenced in the roots of the hair, and gradually spread until the whole head was enveloped, and then it attacked the ears, and ran down the neck, and continuing to increase until it covered the most of the body. It commenced with a small pimple or pustule, from which water at first discharged; this produced great itching and burning; then matter or pus formed, the skin cracked and bled, and the pus discharged freely. The sufferings of the child were so great as almost wholly to prevent natural rest, and the odor from the discharge so offensive as to make it difficult to pay that particular attention to the nature of the case required. The disease was called Scald Head and general Salt Rheum. We tried various remedies, with little benefit, and considered her case almost beyond the reach of medicine; but from the known virtue of your Sarsaparilla, we were induced to give it a trial.

Before the first bottle was all used, we perceived an improvement in the appearance of the eruption; but the change was so rapid for the better, that we could scarcely give credence to the evidence of our own eyes. We continued its use for a few weeks, and the result is a perfect cure. To all Parents we would say:—If you have children suffering with any disease of the skin, use Sands Sarsaparilla. With feelings of gratitude and respect, we are yours, &c.

ELIHU & SARAH SOUTHMAYD,

No. 95 Madison-st.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

NANTUCKET, Mass., 8th mo. 21, 1844.

A. B. & D. Sands—Esteemed Friends:—Although an entire stranger to you, I do not feel at liberty any longer to defer the acknowledgment of a great devotedness to you for your invaluable Sarsaparilla, which has been the means, under a kind Providence, of my inexpressible relief. I am also urged to this acknowledgment by reflecting, that by my humble testimony hundreds of sufferers, miserable as I have been, may be induced to try this remedy, and experience a cure as speedy and happy as mine. For ten years I have been suffering under a Scrofulous affection of the Bones in my head, and during a great part of this time, my pain and sufferings were so severe, that but for a reliance on the Great Disposer of events, I should have desired, and much preferred death itself. At different periods during my sickness, twenty pieces of bone have been taken from my head in various ways, besides all my upper teeth, and the entire upper jaw, rendering the mastication of food quite impossible. After expending about six hundred dollars for medical aid, I had recourse to your justly celebrated Sarsaparilla, and within the last three months the use of twelve bottles has, with the most beneficial operation, completely arrested the disease; the healing process is going forward, and I am rapidly approaching to a perfect cure. Being extremely anxious that others laboring under similar complaints, may have the advantage of my experience, I shall be most happy at any time to communicate to them or to you, such further and more minute particulars as may be desired. Please accept assurances of my great obligation and regard.

BENJAMIN M. HUSSEY.

NANTUCKET, 9th mo. 3d, 1844.

A. B. & D. Sands—Respected Friends:—Benj. M. Hussey is a person of perfect respectability; his statement in relation to the wonderful effects of your Sarsaparilla upon him, may be implicitly relied upon. His case here is considered a very extraordinary one, and the cure altogether is such as to entitle the Sarsaparilla to be ranked as a great blessing to the human family, and we consider it as such.—Yours with true regard,

WM. MITCHELL, Cashier of the Pacific Bank, Nantucket.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggist, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. A12-1f.